



Rec'd Dec. 14. 1854

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.

News of the Week.

THERE was another Cabinet Council, which again sat for several hours, yesterday afternoon. Self-governed people watches such consultations with singular interest; for how much our fate, as a few people, depends upon the decisions of these governors—our Parliament for six months in the year—and in the other six months, the managers of our Parliament! The subjects for consideration yesterday must have been grave enough. The news of the battle of Inkerman could not have raised the spirits of our governors, whose petty policy it was which had given heart to Russian generals to pour down their legions on the English mainland. But there was comfort for the miscellaneous Ministers of War in the assurance that they had got over the worst. In the ten days which followed the dreadful 5th, nothing, says the telegraph, occurred; and by the 15th reinforcements had arrived sufficient, at least, to bring the Allies up to a force equal to that of Menschikoff's—whether equal to taking Sebastopol is another question. But there were, doubtless, some awkward points on which to prepare for Parliamentary explanation. What to say to the House of Commons, generally, of the miscalculation as to Sebastopol? What to say—to him—of the French Emperor's proposed march of two divisions to the Danube—the chances being that this would provoke Austria out of neutrality—the certainty being that France, overshadowing us already in the Crimea, would thus assume a preponderating attitude in the war. What to say of the blunder at Petropavlovski—the attack on a fortress of which the miscellaneous Ministers of War, who had sent out no steamers to poor Price, had never heard? What could be said on that point but that Price, as conveniently as John, is dead, and was exclusively responsible—the fact, nevertheless, being that the ships fought for some days after Price was dead? What to say to the Member for Montrose, of the Reform Bill, which has been put down? What to say to Lord Derby (that will, no doubt, be left to Wilson, or some one who understands figures) of the free-trade that keeps up the price of bread? What to say to the Member for Manchester, of the apathy which has left our trade at Canton to be annihilated? What to say to the members for the North of Ireland, whose constituents are running up the price of flax on the assurance, which will never be realised, that the Government is going

to stop the Prusso-Russian transit trade? Lastly, but firstly, the question before the council must have been—What shall our Budget be—what to say to Mr. Gladstone about the inevitable loan?

The battle of Inkerman seems to have been a battle in which a small English force was enabled, by the bad Russian generalship of the Russians, to beat back an enormously-superior Russian force. The English and French had to defend a pass on a large scale, and by their wonderful "pluck," superior style of weapons, with the aid of well played artillery, they kept their ground. They did no more: but they killed two Russians for every one of the Allies they lost; and we may infer, from the Russian inaction for the ten following days, that this sufficed, the moral impression deepening the disappointment produced by the actual numerical loss to the Russians, to turn the fate—that is, if adequate reinforcements arrived—of the campaign in the Crimea. The result of the day showed that the Allies were safe. The attack on the 5th of November was on the same point—though in far greater force—that was assailed on the 26th of October, when Sir De Lacy Evans' guns drove back the advancing squadrons in confusion; and as there has been no real attempt—that on the 5th was but a feint—to turn the lucky position in the rear of the Allies defended by the Highland Brigade, we may take for granted that at the point at Inkerman lies now the only danger. Even there, safety might have been secured—so says the cautious and reliable correspondent of the *Times*—had Lord Raglan taken the advice of Sir De Lacy Evans, and formed proper intrenchments,—the very intrenchments that we hear are now being made—Lord Raglan adopting the policy of his Government and contriving to be too late: and this matter, as well as the Light Brigade blunder of the 25th, ought to be inquired into, if only in justice to Lord Raglan, who, though by no means a great man, and quite incapable of writing a despatch, is evidencing many admirable qualities on which his countrymen are placing full reliance. Lord Raglan has one great merit—it has saved his army—he keeps quiet, attempts no generalship, places his trust in the bull-dog courage and tenacity of the troops; and if he continue to display this merit to the end, the Governments will have time to turn the Russian position—strategy with which the French divisions spoken of for the Danube cannot be disconnected.

The attack on the Kamchatkan forts is an unpleasant incident; and the tone of regret about it is deepened by the fear that the impulsive Admiral committed suicide. But the incident ends in the unpleasantness: there is no loss worth mentioning, there is no danger to our commerce; and the actual gain is the same, on a smaller theatre, as at Cronstadt; the enemy's ships are driven behind batteries, the Russians are persuaded of the grand courage of the enemy they

are coping with, while the French and English sailors are heartily allied by having fought together. That gain, indeed, was specially obtained at Inkerman. The French and English were not fighting as at Alma, at different wings of the same battle—they were in the same ranks of the same regiments—the light of battle glared on a line of mingled uniforms—they charged together, their battle cries mingling. That ought to obliterate Waterloo.

The news of the week is almost exclusively war-like. Even from America the only news that we can handle is of a grand vote of the Canadian Parliament of 20,000/- to the widows and orphans of those, French as well as English, who fell at Alma—a vote indicative of the grand, nation-like style in which the rapidly-rising colony does business—a vote singularly appropriate from the senate of a state which consists of two different races, Gauls and Britons. In our Australasian colonies progress is as remarkably evidenced by the promulgation of a project such as a European would never venture on, or, at least, would never get entertained, as witness the project of a railway to India—this being a plan to construct a line of railway to connect the capitals of the three colonies, with vast docks and warehouses, and all the machinery of a commercial dépôt as grand as Liverpool, at each terminus. The colonies propose this to the capitalists of the world; all they ask of England is that her credit may be pledged to the shareholders. So far our city men sneer at the latter condition of the plan, and if the House of Commons should not reciprocate the enthusiasm evidently growing in the colony in favour of an idea which has assumed, in the colonial eye, the dimensions taken by the Darien scheme in Scotch history, then some ill-will may arise.

At home the nation seems almost exclusively engaged in shipping reinforcements, in organising militia embodiments, in enlisting, or in subscribing to the Patriotic Fund. What attention is not monopolised by these matters, is directed to some causes célèbres,—such as the Thornhill case, and such as the Denison case. But even in such a week we ought to read the speeches delivered at Preston and at Beverley by Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Arthur Gordon—the two former on educational and social topics, the latter on the subjects of War and Reform. These are our young statesmen; men who are not yet too deep in the cold shade of aristocracy to lose all the heartiness of their natures, and all the virility of their intellects. These—certainly Lord Stanley and Mr. Gordon—are our future Cabinet-Governors: and they so pleasantly refresh that atmosphere of Governmental old fogdom in which we live and have what being it is respectable to have, that one mourns that these are not the statesmen. A vain wish; when their time comes—when they are sixty or seventy—they will be, proud to be, like their fathers before them.

THE WAR.

LATEST NEWS.

"Berlin, Thursday Morning.

"Prince Menschikoff, writing on the 15th, reports that the siege works of the enemy make no progress.

"The bombardment continues, but causes no damage of any importance.

"There was a great tempest on the night of the 14th, during which eight of the enemy's transports were driven on shore, and a frigate and corvette sunk.

"Many other vessels lost their masts."

"Brussels, Thursday.

"Prince Menschikoff, in a despatch dated Sebastopol, Nov. 15, states that the bombardment continued without doing any great damage.

"In a storm eight transports of the Allies had been stranded, and two had foundered at sea."

BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

[LORD RAGLAN'S DESPATCH.]

LORD RAGLAN's despatch is as follows:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 8, 1854.

My Lord Duke,—I have the honour to report to your Grace that the army under my command, powerfully aided by the corps of observation of the French army, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet, effectually repulsed and defeated a most vigorous and determined attack of the enemy on our position overlooking the ruins of Inkerman, on the morning of the 5th instant.

In my letter to your Grace of the 3rd, I informed you that the enemy had considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya. The following day this augmentation was still further apparent, and large masses of troops had evidently arrived from the northward, and on two several occasions persons of distinguished rank were observed to have joined the Russian camp.

I have subsequently learnt that the 4th corps d'armée, conveyed in carriages of the country, and in the lightest possible order, had been brought from Moldavia, and were to be immediately followed by the 3rd corps.

It was, therefore, to be expected that an extensive movement would not be long deferred.

Accordingly, shortly before daylight on the 5th, strong columns of the enemy came upon the advanced pickets covering the right of the position. These pickets behaved with admirable gallantry, defending the ground foot by foot against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, until the 2d Division, under Major-General Pennefather, with its field guns, which had immediately been got under arms, was placed in position.

The Light Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, was also brought to the front without loss of time; the 1st Brigade, under Major-General Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards Sebastopol, and protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side, and the 2d Brigade, under Brigadier-General Buller, forming on the left of the 2d Division, with the 11th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance.

The Brigade of Guards under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major General Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right on the alignment of the 2d Division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the 2d Division.

The 4th Division, under Lieutenant General Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack; the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier General Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkerman road; the 2d Brigade, under Brigadier General Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya.

The 3d Division, under Lieutenant General Sir Richard England, occupied in part the ground vacated by the 4th Division, and supported the Light Division by two regiments under Brigadier General Sir J. Campbell, while Brigadier General Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches.

The morning was extremely dark with a drizzling rain, rendering it almost impossible to discover anything beyond the flash and smoke of artillery and heavy musketry fire.

It, however, soon became evident that the enemy under cover of a vast cloud of skirmishers, supported by dense columns of infantry, had advanced numerous batteries of large calibre to the high ground to the left and front of the 2d Division, while powerful columns of infantry attacked with great vigour the Brigade of Guards.

Additional batteries of heavy artillery were also placed by the enemy on the slopes to our left; the guns in the field amounting in the whole to 90 pieces, independently however of the ship guns and those in the works of Sebastopol.

Protected by a tremendous fire of shot, shell, and grape, the Russian columns advanced in great force,

requiring every effort of gallantry on the part of our troops to resist them.

At this time two battalions of French infantry, which had on the first notice been sent by General Bosquet, joined our right, and very materially contributed to the successful resistance to the attack, cheering with our men, and charging the enemy down the hill with great loss.

About the same time a determined assault was made on our extreme left, and for a moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the 88th, while the 5th was speedily recaptured by the 77th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton.

In the opposite direction the Brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was engaged in a severe conflict.

The enemy, under cover of thick brushwood, advanced in two heavy bodies, and assaulted with great determination a small redoubt which had been constructed for two guns, but was not armed. The combat was most arduous, and the brigade, after displaying the utmost steadiness and gallantry, was obliged to retire before very superior numbers, until supported by a wing of the 20th Regiment of the 4th Division, when they again advanced and retook the redoubt.

This ground was afterwards occupied in gallant style by French troops, and the Guards speedily re-formed in rear of the right flank of the 2d Division.

In the meanwhile, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir George Cathcart with a few companies of the 68th Regiment, considering that he might make a strong impression by descending into the valley, and taking the enemy in flank, moved rapidly forward, but finding the heights above him in full occupation of the Russians, he suddenly discovered that he was entangled with a superior force, and while endeavouring to re-form his men, he received a mortal wound, shortly previously to which Brigadier-General Torrens, when leading the 68th, was likewise severely wounded.

Subsequently to this, the battle continued with unabated vigour and with no positive result—the enemy bringing upon our line not only the fire of all their field-batteries, but those in front of the works of the place, and the ship guns—till the afternoon, when the symptoms of giving way first became apparent; and shortly after, although the fire did not cease, the retreat became general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the bridge of the Inkerman, and ascending the opposite heights, abandoning on the field of battle five or six thousand dead and wounded, multitudes of the latter having already been carried off by them. I never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented, but upon this I will not dwell.

Having submitted to your Grace this imperfect description of this most severe battle, I have still two duties to discharge—the one most gratifying, the last most painful, to my feelings.

I have the greatest satisfaction in drawing your Grace's attention to the brilliant conduct of the allied troops. French and English vied with each other in displaying their gallantry and manifesting their zealous devotion to duty, notwithstanding that they had to contend against an infinitely superior force, and were exposed for many hours to a most galling fire.

It should be borne in mind that they have daily for several weeks undergone the most constant labour, and that many of them passed the previous night in the trenches.

I will not attempt to enter into the detail of the movements of the French troops, lest I should not state them correctly, but I am proud of the opportunity of bearing testimony to their valour and energetic services, and of paying a tribute of admiration to the distinguished conduct of their immediate commander, General Bosquet, while it is in the highest degree pleasing to me to place upon record my deep sense of the valuable assistance I received from the Commander-in-Chief, General Canrobert, who was himself on the ground and in constant communication with me, and whose cordial co-operation on all occasions I cannot too highly extol.

Your Grace will recollect that he was wounded at the Alma. He was again wounded on the 5th, but I should hope that he will not long feel the effects of it.

I will in a subsequent despatch lay before your Grace the names of the officers whose services have been brought to my notice. I will not detain the mail for that purpose now, but I cannot delay to report the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, who was unfortunately shot through the arm, but is doing well; of Lieutenant-General his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who particularly distinguished himself; and of Major-General Pennefather, in command of the Second Division, which received the first attack, and gallantly maintained itself under the greatest difficulties throughout this protracted conflict; of Major-General Bentinck, who is severely wounded; Major-General Codrington, Brigadier-General Adams, and Brigadier-General Torrens, who are severely wounded; and Brigadier-General Buller, who is also wounded, but not so seriously.

I must likewise express my obligations to Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England for the excellent disposition he made of his division, and the assistance he rendered to the left of the Light Division, where Brigadier-General Sir John Campbell was judiciously

placed, and effectively supported Major-General Codrington; and I have great pleasure in stating that Brigadier-General Eyre was employed in the important duty of guarding the trenches from any assault from the town.

Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans, who had been obliged by severe indisposition to go on board ship a few days previously, left his bed as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, and was promptly at his post; and though he did not feel well enough to take the command of the division out of the hands of Major-General Pennefather, he did not fail to give him his best advice and assistance.

It is deeply distressing to me to have to submit to your Grace the list of the killed, wounded, and missing on this memorable occasion. It is indeed heavy, and very many valuable officers and men have been lost to her Majesty's service.

Among the killed your Grace will find the names of Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir G. Cathcart, Brigadier-General Strangways, and Brigadier-General Goldie.

Of the services of the first it is almost unnecessary to speak. They are known throughout the British empire, and have within a short space of time been brought conspicuously before the country by his achievements at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he had only just returned when he was ordered to this army.

By his death her Majesty has been deprived of a most devoted servant, an officer of the highest merit, while I personally have to deplore the loss of an attached and faithful friend.

Brigadier-General Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life; and in mature age, throughout a long service, he maintained the same character.

The mode in which he had conducted the command of the Artillery, since it was placed in his hands by the departure through illness of Major-General Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confidants to his care.

Brigadier-General Goldie was an officer of considerable promise, and gave great satisfaction to all under whom he has served.

It is difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the actual numbers brought into the field by the enemy. The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their forces for the attack, consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns; but judging from the numbers that were seen in the plains after they had withdrawn in retreat, I am led to suppose that they could not have been less than sixty thousand men. Their loss was excessive, and it is calculated that they left on the field near five thousand dead, and that their casualties amount in the whole, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to not less than 15,000.

Your Grace will be surprised to learn that the number of British troops actually engaged little exceeded 8000 men, whilst those of General Bosquet's division only amounted to 6000, the remaining available French troops on the spot having been kept in reserve.

I ought to mention, that while the enemy was attacking our right, they assailed the left of the French trenches, and actually got into two of their batteries; but they were quickly driven out in the most gallant manner, with considerable loss, and hotly pursued to the very walls of Sebastopol.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.
His Grace the Duke of Newcastle,
&c. &c.

[GENERAL CANROBERT'S DESPATCH.]

The Minister of War has just received from the General Commanding-in-Chief of the army of the East the following report:—

Head Quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 7.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—I have the honour to confirm my telegraphic despatch of the 6th of November, couched in these terms:—

"The Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, and the reserves in the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, yesterday attacked the right of the English position before the place.

"The English army sustained the combat with the most remarkable solidity. I caused it to be supported by a portion of the Bosquet division, which fought with admirable vigour, and by the troops which were the most easily available. The enemy, more numerous than we were, beat a retreat with enormous losses, estimated at from 8000 to 9000 men.

"This obstinate struggle lasted the whole of the day. On my left General Forey had at the same time to repulse a sortie of the garrison. The troops, energetically led on by him, drove the enemy from the place, with the loss of 1000 men.

"This brilliant day, which was not finished without loss to the Allies, does the greatest honour to our arms."

The action, of which the above telegraphic despatch forms the summary, was most animated and warmly contested.

At the first gunshot the deserters who came to us revealed the real situation of the Russian army in regard to numbers, and enabled us to calculate the reinforce-

ments it had successively received since the battle of the Alma. They are—1st contingent, from the coast of Asia, Kerch and Kaffa; 2nd, six battalions and detachments of marines from Nicolaieff; 3rd, four battalions of Cossacks from the Black Sea; 4th, a great portion of the army of the Danube, and the 10th, 11th, and 12th divisions of infantry, forming the fourth corps, commanded by General Dannenberg. These three divisions were transported by express with their artillery from Odessa to Sebastopol in a few days.

Afterwards arrived the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, whose presence could not fail to produce great excitement among this army, which forms, with the garrison of Sebastopol, a total of at least 190,000 men.

It was under these circumstances that 45,000 men of the army attacked by surprise the heights of Inkerman, which the English army could not occupy with a sufficient force. Only 6000 English took part in the action, the rest being engaged in the siege works. They valiantly sustained the attack until the moment when General Bosquet, arriving with a portion of his division, was able to render such assistance as to insure their success. One does not know which to praise the most—the energetic ability with which our allies for a long time faced the storm, or the intelligent vigour which General Bosquet, selected a portion of the brigades Bourbaki and Antesone, displayed in attacking the enemy, who rushed upon their right.

The 3rd Regiment of Zouaves, under the chiefs of batallions Montandon and Dubois, supported in the most striking manner the ancient reputation of that force. The Alpin Riflemen, Colonel de Wimpfen, a battalion of 7th Light, Commander Vaissier, and the 6th of the Line, Colonel de Camos, rivalled each other in ardour. Iron charges were made with the bayonet, and it was only after the third charge that the enemy surrendered at ground, which was covered with his dead and wounded. The Russian field artillery and artillery of position was much superior in number and occupied a commanding position. Two horse batteries, commanded by M. de la Boussinière and a battery of the 2nd Division of infantry, commanded by M. Barval, the whole under the orders of Colonel Forgoet, sustained the struggle during the whole day, in conjunction with the English artillery.

The enemy decided upon beating a retreat, leaving more than 2000 dead, a great number of wounded, a few hundred prisoners, and also several caissons of artillery, in the possession of the Allies. His losses altogether must be estimated at less than from 8000 to 10,000 men. While these events were being accomplished on the right, about 5000 men made a vigorous sortie against our attacks to the left, favoured by a thick fog and by ravines which facilitated their approach. The troops on duty in the trench, under the orders of General de la Motterouge, marched upon the enemy, who had already invaded two of our batteries, and killed him, killing more than 200 men within its batteries. The general of division Forey, commanding the siege corps, by rapid and skilful arrangements, arrived with the troops of the 4th Division to support the guards of the trenches, and marched himself at the head of the 5th battalion of foot drivers. The Russians, beaten down upon the whole of their line, were retreating precipitately upon the plain with considerable losses, when General de Lourmel, seeing them fly before him, and urged by a chivalrous spirit, dashed in pursuit of them up to the walls of the place, where he fell severely wounded. General Ley had much difficulty in withdrawing him from the advanced position to which his brigade had been hurried by excess of bravery. The Aurelle brigade, which had taken up an excellent position to the left, protected this retreat, which was effected under the fire of the place, with considerable loss. Colonel Niel, of the 26th of the Line, who lost his two chiefs of battalion, took the command of the brigade, whose conduct was admirably energetic. The enemy in this sortie lost 1000 men in killed, wounded, or prisoners, and he received a very admirable moral and material check.

The battle of Inkerman and the combat sustained by the siege corps were glorious for our arms, and have increased the moral power which the allied armies have assumed; but we have suffered losses to be deplored. Very amount, for the English army, to 2400 men, killed or wounded, among whom are seven generals, three of whom were killed; and, for the French army, to 1726 killed or wounded. We bitterly lament the loss of General de Lourmel, who died from his wound, and whose brilliant military qualities and conduct in private life seemed to promise future renown. I also have the honour to announce to you the death of Colonel de Camos, of the 6th of the Line, killed at the head of his troops at the moment when they engaged with the enemy.

The vigour of the allied troops, subjected to the double trials of a siege, the difficulties of which are without a parallel, and to actions of war which recall the greatest struggles of our military history, cannot be too highly commended.

I enclose my order of the day to the army for the battle of the 5th. Accept, &c.,
CANROBERT,

The General-in-Chief.

"GENERAL ORDER.
"Soldiers! You have had another glorious day.

"A great portion of the Russian army, favoured by the night and the fog, was able to establish itself, with powerful artillery, upon the heights which form the extreme right of our position. Two English divisions sustained an unequal fight with the invincible solidity which we know to be the characteristic of our allies, while a part of the Bosquet division, conducted by its worthy chief, came up to their support, and rushed upon the enemy with a boldness and intelligence to which I have never rendered homage. Definitively driven back in the valley of the Tchernaya, the enemy left upon the ground more than 4000 of his men killed or wounded, and carried away at least as many during the battle.

"While these events were in course of accomplishment, the garrison of Sebastopol made a sortie upon the left of our attacks, which afforded to the troops of the siege corps, and particularly to the fourth division, led most vigorously by General Forey, the opportunity of giving the enemy a severe lesson. The troops employed in repelling this sortie gave proof of an energy which much increases the reputation they had already earned by the patience with which they supported the onerous and glorious labours of the siege. I shall have to mention regiments and soldiers of all kinds and of all ranks who prominently distinguished themselves during this day. I shall make them known to France, to the Emperor, and to the army. But I was anxious at the first moment to thank you in their name, and to tell you that you have just added a voluminous page to the history of this difficult campaign.

CANROBERT,

"The General-in-Chief.

"Head Quarters, before Sebastopol, Nov. 5, 1854."

[THE RUSSIAN ACCOUNT.]

(From the *Invalides Russes*.)

This morning (Sunday, Nov. 12) his Majesty received by his Aide-de-Camp Captain of Cavalry Count Levaschoff the following report from Aide-de-Camp-General Prince Menschikoff, dated Nov. 6:—

Yesterday, at Sebastopol, from the direction of Bastion No. 1, there was a sortie, in which the following troops took part:—Of the 10th division of infantry, the regiments of Catherineburg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan; of the 11th division of infantry, the regiments of Selinghinsk, Yakoutsk, and Okhotsk; of the 16th division of infantry, the regiments Vladimir, Sonzhal, and Ouglitch; and of the 17th division of infantry, the regiments of Boutyrsk, Borodino, and Tarantino. There was as much artillery as could be taken, considering the difficulty of passing the gates. A portion of the troops passed by the Inkerman bridge. The command of the troops was entrusted to the General of Infantry Dannenberg, commander of the 4th Corps of Infantry.

Our first attack upon the heights was very successful. The English fortifications were carried, and 11 of their guns spiked. Unfortunately, in this first movement the commanders of the troops of the 10th Division, who attacked the intrenchments and redoubts, were wounded. During this period the French forces arrived to the assistance of the English. The siege artillery of the latter was placed in position on the field of battle, and it was not possible for our field artillery to contend against such an advantage. The superiority in number of the enemy's men, armed with carbines, occasioned a great loss of horses and men belonging to the artillery, and of officers of infantry. This circumstance did not allow of our finishing, without sacrificing the troops, the redoubts which we had begun to raise during the fight upon the points which the position of the enemy commanded, even up to the town of Sebastopol.

The retreat was effected in good order upon Sebastopol and by the bridge of Inkerman, and the dismounted guns were brought back from the field of battle to the place.

The Grand Dukes Nicholas Nicholaievitch and Michael Nicholaievitch were in the midst of the terrible fire which prevailed, and set an example of coolness and courage in the fight.

Simultaneously with this sortie the Minsk Regiment of Infantry, with a light artillery battery, under the command of Major-General of Artillery Timofeiff, executed another against the French batteries and spiked 15 of their guns.

Our loss in dead is not yet exactly known, but the number of wounded extends to 3,500 men and 100 officers. Among the latter are Lieutenant-General Somonoff, who received a ball through the body and soon died from the wound; Major-Generals Villeville and Osterlohne; Colonels Alexandroff, commander of the infantry regiment of Catherineburg; Poustovoitoff, ditto of the infantry regiment of Tomsk; Bibikoff, ditto, commander of the Chasseurs of Okhotsk; Baron Delwig, ditto of the infantry of Vladimir, and Vereuvkine-Schelutka, ditto, commander of the Chasseurs of Borodino. Major-General Kischinsky, Chief of the Artillery, received a contusion from the bursting of a shell; Major-General Prince Menschikoff, belonging to the suite of your Imperial Majesty, a contusion in the neck; Colonel Albedinsky, aide-de-camp of your Imperial Majesty, and Captain Greigh, of the cavalry, my aide-de-camp, a contusion in the head.

General Dannenberg had two horses killed under him, and all the persons by whom he was surrounded were wounded.

The loss of the enemy cannot have been less considerable, and the sortie of General Timofeiff cost the French dear, for while he was pursuing them with formidable masses, they fell under a violent fire of grape-shot from Bastion No. 6.

While these movements were being executed the troops under command of Prince Gortschakoff made a strong demonstration against Kadikoi, and thus kept in inactivity the enemy's detachment at Balaklava.

MENSCHIKOFF'S POSITION.

The *Soldatenfreund* has been informed that, although Prince Menschikoff's forces are numerically superior to those of the Allies, he is not in sufficient strength to pursue an offensive system of tactics at present, it being found impossible to supply the Russian armies with sufficient provisions and other necessities. The difficulties in the way of doing this are in fact almost insuperable, and the Russian general is aware of it. While the Allies make their fleets the basis of their operations, the Russians are mainly dependent on the commissariat stationed in Bakchichesarai, Sebastopol, and Perekop. We must not, remarks the *Soldatenfreund*, lose sight of this fact, which will exercise no slight influence in deciding the issue of this violent contest.

We have received from our correspondent at Berlin a despatch dated last night, which says that the *Invalides Russes* admits that the Russian loss on the 5th amounted to 2969 dead, including 42 officers, and 5791 wounded, including two generals and 200 officers.—*Times*.

Mr. Russell's (*Times*) correspondent account is not very clear, but it is the clearest, and we give it in full. It will be seen that he supposes Lord Raglan was surprised; Lord Raglan distinctly says he had calculated on such an attack:—

Balaklava, Nov. 5.

It had rained almost incessantly the night before, and the early morning gave no promise of any cessation of the heavy showers which had fallen for the previous four-and-twenty hours. Towards dawn a heavy fog settled down on the heights and on the valley of the Inkerman. The pickets and men on outlying posts were thoroughly saturated, and their arms were wet, despite their precautions; and it is scarcely to be wondered at if there were some of them who were not quite as alert as sentries should be in face of an enemy; for it must be remembered that our small army is almost worn out by incessant labours, and that men on picket are frequently men who have had but a short respite from work in the trenches, or from regimental duties. The fog and vapours of drifting rain were so thick as morning broke that one could scarcely see two yards before him. At four o'clock the bells of the churches in Sebastopol were heard ringing drearily through the cold night air, but the occurrence has been as usual it excited no particular attention. During the night, however, a sharp-eared sergeant on an outlying picket of the Light Division heard the sound of wheels in the valley below, as though they were approaching the position up the hill. He reported the circumstance to Major Bumby, but it was supposed that the sound arose from ammunition carts or arabs going into Sebastopol by the Inkerman road. No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the Valley of Inkerman on the undefended flank of the 2nd Division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy were bringing into position an overwhelming artillery ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the valley lead up to the crest and summit, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, intrenchments, abatis, or outlying defence of any kind. Every one admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up with sandbags, and gabions, and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkerman on the east, but no guns were mounted there, for Sir De Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture. In the action of the 26th of October, the enemy tried their strength almost on the very spot selected by them this morning, but it may now be considered that they merely made a reconnaissance in force on that occasion, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable, and where they might speculate with some certainty on the effects of a surprise of a sleeping camp on a winter's morning.

Although the arrangements of Sir D. L. Evans on repulsing the sortie were, as Lord Raglan declared, "so perfect that they could not fail to insure success," it



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was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to intrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or form an abatis. It was thought "not to be necessary." A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind intrenchments. We have nothing to rejoice over in the battle of Inkerman. We have defeated the enemy, indeed, but have not advanced a step nearer towards the citadel of Sebastopol. We have abashed, humiliated, and utterly routed an enemy strong in number, in fanaticism, and in dogged resolute courage, and animated by the presence of a son of whom they believe to be God's vicegerent on earth; but we have suffered a fearful loss, and we are not in a position to part with one man. England must give us men. She must be prodigal of her sons, as she is of her money and of her ships, and as they have been of their lives in her service.

It was a little after five o'clock this morning when Brigadier-General Codrington, in accordance with his usual habit, visited the outlying pickets of his own brigade of the Light Division. It was reported to him that "all was well," and the General entered into some conversation with Captain Pretzman, of the 33rd Regiment, who was on duty on the ground, in the course of which it was remarked that it would not be at all surprising if the Russians availed themselves of the gloom of the morning to make an attack on our position, calculating on the effects of the rain in disarming our vigilance and spoiling our weapons. The Brigadier, who has proved a most excellent, cool, and brave officer, turned his pony round at last, and retraced his steps through the brushwood towards his lines. He had only proceeded a few paces when a sharp rattle of musketry was heard down the hill and on the left of the pickets of the Light Division. It was here that the pickets of the Second Division were stationed. General Codrington at once turned his horse's head in the direction of the firing, and in a few minutes galloped back to turn out his division. The Russians were advancing in force upon us! Their grey greatcoats rendered them almost invisible even when close at hand. The pickets of the Second Division had scarcely made out the advancing lines of infantry who were clambering up the steep sides of the hill through a drizzling shower of rain, ere they were forced to retreat by a close sharp volley of musketry, and were driven up towards the brow of the hill, contesting every step of it, and firing, as long as they had a round of ammunition, on the Russian advance. The pickets of the Light Division were assailed soon afterwards, and were also obliged to retreat and fall back on their main body, and it was evident that a very strong sortie had been made upon the right of the position of the allied armies with the object of forcing them to raise the siege, and, if possible, of driving them into the sea. About the same time that the advance of the Russians on our right flank took place, a demonstration was made by the cavalry, artillery, and a few infantry, in the valley against Balaklava, to divert the attention of the French on the heights above, and to occupy the Highland Brigade and Marines; but only an interchange of a few harmless rounds of cannon and musketry took place, and the enemy contented themselves with drawing up their cavalry in order of battle, supported by field artillery, at the neck of the valley, in readiness to sweep over the heights and cut our retreating troops to pieces should the assault on our right be successful. A Semaphore post had been erected on the heights over Inkerman, in communication with another on the hill over their position, from which the intelligence of our defeat was to be conveyed to the cavalry general, and the news would have been made known in Sebastopol by similar means, in order to encourage the garrison to a general sortie along their front. A steamer with very heavy shell guns and mortars was sent up by night to the head of the creek at Inkerman, and caused much injury throughout the day by the enormous shells she pitched right over the hill upon our men. Everything that could be done to bind victory to their eagles—if they have any—was done by the Russian generals. The presence of their Grand Duke Michael Nicholaevitch, who told them that the Czar had issued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman was to be driven into the sea ere the year closed, cheered the common soldiers, who regard the son of the Emperor as an incarnation of the Divine Presence. They had abundance of a coarser and more material stimulant, which was found in their canteens and flasks; and, above all, the priests of the Greek Catholic Church "blessed" them ere they went forth upon their mission, and assured them of the aid and protection of the Most High. A mass was said for the army, and the joys of Heaven were freely offered to those who might fall in the holy fight, and the favours of the Emperor were largely promised to those who might survive the bullets of a heretical enemy.

The men in our camps had just begun a struggle with the rain in endeavouring to light their fires for breakfast when the alarm was given that the Russians

were advancing in force. Brigadier-General Pennefather, to whom the illness of Sir De Lacy Evans had given for the time the command of the 2nd Division, at once got the troops under arms. One brigade under Brigadier-General Adams, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments, was pushed on to the brow of the hill to check the advance of the enemy by the road through the brushwood from the valley. The other brigade (Pennefather's own) consisting of the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, were led to operate on their flank. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shell and round shot from guns which the enemy had posted on the high grounds, in advance of our right, and it was soon found that the Russians had brought up at least 40 pieces of heavy artillery to bear upon us. Meantime, the alarm had spread through the camps. Sir George Cathcart with the greatest promptitude turned out as many of his division as were not employed in the trenches, and led the portions of the 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63d, and 68th Regiments, which were available against the enemy, directing them to the left of the ground occupied by the column of the 2d Division. It was intended that one brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, should move in support of the brigade under Brigadier-General Goldie; but it was soon found that the enemy were in such strength that the whole force of the division, which consisted of only 2,200 men, must be vigorously used to repel them. Sir George Brown had rushed up to the front with his brave fellows of the Light Division—the remnants of the 7th Fusiliers, of the 19th Regiment, of the 23d Regiment, of the 33d Regiment, and the 77th and the 88th Regiments, under Brigadiers Codrington and Buller. As they began to move across the ground of the 2nd Division, they were at once brought under fire by an unseen enemy. The gloomy character of the morning was unchanged. Showers of rain fell through the fogs, and turned the ground into a clammy soil, like a freshly-ploughed field, and the Russians, who had, no doubt, taken the bearings of the ground ere they placed their guns, fired at random, indeed, but with too much effect on our advancing columns. While all the army was thus in motion, the Duke of Cambridge was not behind hand in bringing up the Guards under Brigadier Bentinck—all of his division now left with him, as the Highlanders are under Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava. These splendid troops with the greatest rapidity and ardour rushed to the front on the right of the Second Division, and gained the summit of the hills towards which two columns of the Russians were struggling in the closest order of which the nature of the ground would admit. The Third Division, under Sir R. England, was also got under arms as a reserve, and one portion of it, comprising the 50th, part of the 28th and of the 4th Regiments, were engaged with the enemy ere the fight was over.

And now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him, but at the battle of Inkerman not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day—for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkerman, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favourable circumstances seeing more than a very insignificant and detached piece of the terrible work below. It was six o'clock when all the Head-quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field guns. Lord Raglan was informed that the enemy were advancing, in force, and soon after seven o'clock he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-General Strangways, R.A., and several aides-de-camp. As they approached, the volume of sound, the steady, unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket, told that the engagement was at its height. The shell of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops, that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side.

One of the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the Second Division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties, and the unhappy Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty, and was exerting himself with Captain Daguer to urge them forward, Colonel Gambier was severely but not dangerously wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, and the conduct of that officer in directing the fire of those two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men. Our generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, and where going to. In darkness, gloom, and rain they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse or man wounded by an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry and the rush of ball and shrapnel.

Sir George Cathcart, seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, to rally them. He perceived at the same time that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, "Have you not got your bayonets?" As he led on his men it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill, with diminished ranks, and the loss of near 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Colonel Swiny, of the 63d, a most gallant officer, Lieutenant Dowling, 20th, Major Wynne, 68th, and other officers whose names will be found in the *Gazette*, met their death, and Brigadier Goldie (of the 57th Regiment) received the wounds of which he has since died. The conflict on the right was equally uncertain and equally bloody. In the Light Division, the 88th got so far into the front that they were surrounded and put into utter confusion, when four companies of the 77th under Major Stratton charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commenced ere it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Brown was struck by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, as his body was borne by me on a litter early in the day, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day. Further to the right a contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, was going on between the Guards and dense columns of Russian infantry of five times their number. The Guards had charged them and driven them back, when they perceived that the Russians had outflanked them. They were out of ammunition too. They were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, and they were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on their right far in their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. The Guards were broken; they had lost 12 officers dead in the field; they had left one-half of their number on the ground, and they retired along the lower road of the valley. But they were soon reinforced, and they speedily avenged their loss.

The French advance about ten o'clock turned the flank of the enemy. They retired at 1.40, with a loss of 9000 killed and wounded.

About half-past nine o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. Here General Strangways was mortally wounded, and I am told that he met his death in the following way:—A shell came right in among the staff—it exploded in Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a

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portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Captain Somers' trousers, it then struck down Captain Somers' horse and killed him at once, and then blew away General Strangway's leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh and a bit of cloth from the skin. The poor old General never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely, in a gentle voice, "Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse? He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man in the army."

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

A Bucharest correspondent of a Vienna journal, writing under date of the 8th inst., says that Omar Pasha had received orders from Constantinople to concentrate all his disposable forces on the Sereth.

Certainly Dervish Pasha has arrived (on the 8th) at Jassy: "In spite of the bad weather, all the inhabitants of the town went out to meet him, and gave him a warm greeting. The Jews, festively attired, carried the tabernacles and candlesticks of their synagogues in the procession. On the approach of the Ottoman commissioner they rushed forward to unloose the horses and draw the carriages themselves. In the palace prepared for him Dervish Pasha found the metropolitan, the clergy, and the boyards awaiting his arrival. He received their congratulations, and replied to them in a brief and felicitous address."

Latest telegraphic news is as follows:

"Colignani of this evening states that it has been decided this day in the imperial council to send two divisions of the French army to the Danube."

"The Moniteur of this morning publishes the following:

"Jassy, Nov. 10.

"We are expecting the early outbreak of hostilities on the Pruth. Dervish Pasha has announced to the local government the approaching entrance of the Turkish troops into Moldavia, and has required it to make the necessary arrangements for their reception."

"Omar Pasha is preparing to cross the Pruth. Special orders have been sent to the prefects of the departments of Galatz, Roman, and Tekuch."

INCIDENTS.

HAVE THERE BEEN MURMURS?—An officer in the Crimea, writing to the *Daily News*, complains of the following passage in Lord Raglan's Alma despatch:—

"I cannot omit to make known to your grace the courtesy with which the regimental officers of the army have submitted to most unusual privations. My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available, prevented me from selecting their baggage animals, and these officers have with them at this moment nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind. I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the engagement; and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their bat-horses at the earliest moment."

The writer says, that far from this being the case, there is much murmuring in many regiments—not necessary and expected hardships, but at the absence of comforts and necessities which the French, and even the Turks, had in abundance. No soldier would like to make a formal complaint to his Commander-in-Chief of the want of a clean shirt, or of the presence of vermin in the one worn.

WHY SPARE ODESSA?—The following is from a correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Sir.—Spare Odessa! Does mercy, does justice, does clemence demand it? Mercy, like charity (which is the same), must begin at home. To protect the Russian population is to relieve the Russian soldier from that duty, and deliberately to murder our own soldiers. Justice can ask for Odessa at the utmost not more than for a neutral town, and has Odessa been neutral in this Crimean war? The convenience of the existence of Odessa has all been on the Russian side."

"We have, in short, in the interest of humanity, to subdue the Russian empire; and it is a mistaken and narrow idea of mercy which would prompt to spare now, since we may feel assured that our forbearance will only lead to future barbarities, and be understood as our own recognition of the fairness of such proceedings."

"Your obedient servant,

"W. S."

SELF-PRASE NO RECOMMENDATION.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg*, of November 10, contains, by implication, the admission of the sympathies which the Allies met with amongst the populations of the Crimea:—

"As soon as the enemy had occupied Eupatoria, their first care was to raise the Tartars against the Government, the author of their welfare. The foolish young men of the neighbouring villages allowed themselves to

be led away, under the pretext of supplying with provisions the allied troops, and by the hope of pillaging the habitations of such inhabitants as had remained faithful to their duty. The arrival of the Cossacks, and shortly after of the reserve division of Lancers, in the neighbourhood of Eupatoria, put an end to these disorders. At the same time the sentiments which the well-thinking Tartars are animated with towards the Government are clearly shown from the accompanying documents."

As the documents spoken of are from the delegates and the administrators nominated by the Emperor, it may be said that the Russian Government has had certificates of popularity sent to it by its own functionaries.

LORD RAGLAN.—A Ministerial journal says:—"The country and the army will learn, with the most cordial satisfaction, that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to acknowledge the distinguished services of the British Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea by raising him to the rank of Field-Marshal."

THE YOUNG GRAND DUKES.—It is disputed whether these two young officers were present at the deaths of their friends and foes at Balaklava, or only engaged in seeing life in Sebastopol. A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* assumes that they were present, and says:—

"There is something consummately absurd, worthy only of courtiers at Pekin, to suppose that the presence or absence of members of the Imperial family at this or that battle can influence the results. The world cried out with astonishment that the Emperor should have kept in idleness at St. Petersburg all the members of his family, as if he doubted their capacity or courage. They were at length sent off; and now that they have behaved like men, and exposed themselves as other men, it is attempted to show that they failed to set a personal example of that forwardness which the Emperor justly demands of every soldier in his army. The young Grand Dukes were spared the pain of seeing how the allied troops storm and conquer powerful positions. They have now learned that the same valiant troops know how to defend positions when attacked by unequal numbers. If they are sick of the lesson, let them keep aloof, as stupid courtiers now say they did keep aloof on the 5th of November."

PATRIOTIC FUND.—It has been proposed in the Legislative Assembly of Canada that 20,000*l.* be voted to the families of the wounded and dead soldiers who fought at Alma, 10,000*l.* for England and 10,000*l.* for France. There is no doubt of its being carried.

The sum realised by the military *fêtes* given at the Crystal Palace on the 28th of October and the 4th of November, amounting to 3,598*l.* 8s. 4d. (after deducting all expenses), has been paid over to the three principal funds in the following proportions:—The Royal Patriotic Fund, 2,500*l.*; the Central Association in aid of the Wives and Families, Widows and Orphans of Soldiers ordered to the East, 748*l.* 8s. 4d.; the Association for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Seamen and Marines in cases arising out of the present war, 350*l.*

THE WHITE PALETOT.—The following is from a journal of the siege of Sebastopol, published by the *Constitutional*:

"Our sharpshooters supply in some measure the action of artillery. Hidden in holes in the ground, or behind defences established by means of earth-bags on the top of the parapets of the trenches, they fire at everything that shows itself, and slacken considerably the fire of the place. However, they have still to pick off, as they say, *le monsieur au paletot blanc*. The following is the explanation of that phrase:—The person in question is an amateur, an old soldier, perhaps, who every day, at some undetermined hour, advances in front of the fortifications with a piece of cannon, drawn by men. He has it placed in battery by his attendants, giving himself the pleasure of firing it off himself. He ordinarily plants his tent not far from the gun, and after each shot he withdraws to it for about ten minutes, probably to smoke a cigar and drink a glass of brandy; and then, when the piece is again charged, he comes out and fires another shot. This course of proceeding takes place every day, and lasts an hour or two. It appears that he has a number of domestics, for the sharpshooters have already killed about fifty of his attendants, and new ones always present themselves."

GALLANTRY IN THE RANKS.—Private Francis Wheatley has acted with gallantry. A live shell, with the fuse burning, pitched upon the top of an embankment; Wheatley promptly clubbed his musket and pushed the shell away, breaking the fuse so that it did not explode. He probably saved many lives. Sir George Cathcart acknowledged the service in an order. We are not always favoured with the names of gallant privates. Lord Raglan mentions in his despatch that a single English artilleryman, the only one in the redoubt abandoned by the Turkish detachment, nailed the guns. Let it be hoped that this cool-headed and brave artilleryman's name may be made public.

THE 93RD.—One almost marvellous fact results from Lord Raglan's despatch, and this is, that one

British battalion, the heroic 93rd, under Colonel Ainalie, stood the brunt of the day's work, in so far as the infantry is concerned. And the Russians think they can subdue such men! Under all circumstances, the Emperor of Russia did well to command *Tu Devins* for his victory when he heard that Liprandi had gained nothing but a detached redoubt, which the limited force at Lord Raglan's disposal rendered it advisable to abandon, and, above all, when he heard that the heroic and oft-tried Pennefather, with his daring 30th and 95th, chased the assailants before him on the 26th like a flock of sheep, and could with difficulty be held back from further pursuit. And these are your Russian victories! Meantime, if Prince Menschikoff's reports of the 8th be correct, the terrible lesson of the 5th, added to the dressing he received from Sir De Lacy Evans on the 26th, had somewhat cooled his ardour for small or great offensive operations.

Lord GEORGE PAGET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—A Staffordshire man, in a letter referring to the disastrous charge of the Light Cavalry on the 26th, says:—"There was Lord George's regiment, the 11th Hussars, 13th, 17th, and 8th Hussars, all cut to pieces. Lord George's regiment is cut up terribly, but he has escaped as yet. He has proved himself worthy of being called the Marquis of Anglesey's son. He fought at the head of his regiment. I was told by an old soldier that got wounded by his side, that Lord George waved his sword, saying, 'Now, my lads, for old England! Fight—conquer or die,' and led his men on gallantly."—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.—The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* says:—

"The effect produced by the mere rumour of his intention to quit the camp at the moment when the storming of Sebastopol was at hand has done more injury to him than any previous incident of his life; and already, if I am informed rightly, satirical couplets circulate on the subject. It is the opinion of the friends, as well as of the enemies, of the Bonaparte family, that his chances of the imperial throne, such as they were, have been seriously damaged by it. I suppose there are more persons than Prince Napoleon who love to flaunt about in rich uniforms, provided they are not called upon to endure the fatigues of field duty and the perils of war—persons who enter the military service without the remotest intention of ever sharing its hardships, and who avail themselves of the first plausible pretext to avoid their duty, no matter at what risk of reputation. Unfortunately, in the present instance there is little excuse allowed by the public. The fate of Marshal St. Arnaud is too fresh in people's minds to make them indulgent even in favour of an Imperial Prince. Marshal St. Arnaud was in a dying state on the very field of battle, and it is known that the day on which the action of Alma was fought and won he suffered more excruciating torture than on any previous day, or until his spirit had quitted his emaciated frame. It is remembered, too, that the high military grade which the Prince enjoys was not won by brilliant services in the field nor after the slow lapse of years. Neither distinguished military talent nor the right of seniority had anything to do with it, and when he was authorised to assume the general's sash and epaulettes it was not solely for the purpose of useless ornament. The prizes he has drawn in the Revolution of the 2nd of December are rich ones, and something must be paid for them. Letters from more than one sub-officer belonging to the division of the Prince murmur at its comparative inaction. One letter in particular says, 'On ménage cette division comme si on avait peur de la chifferonner.'

It seems that the Prince *has* arrived, in an exceedingly debilitated condition, at Constantinople. LORD DUNKELLIN.—Lord Clanricarde has received a letter from Prince Dolgorouky, the Minister of War at St. Petersburg, informing him that the Emperor, recollecting with pleasure the time when Lord Clanricarde represented the Queen as her Majesty's ambassador at the imperial court, felt real satisfaction in restoring to him his son who, by the chances of war, had fallen into the hands of the Russians. Prince Dolgorouky adds, that it had been agreeable to his imperial master to have, in this matter, forestalled the proposal for an exchange of Lord Dunkellin, which Lord Raglan had addressed to Prince Menschikoff, and he begs that Captain Koussoileff, the officer offered by Lord Raglan, may, if he should be in England, be sent to Russia.

TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGES.—The Electric and International Telegraph Companies are making arrangements for the conveyance of telegraphic despatches from officers in the East, and it is intended to transmit such messages free of charge over their lines from the Hague to any of the companies' stations in Great Britain.

USE OF THE MINIÉ RIFLE.—We learn from St. Petersburg that, to replace the artillerymen picked off at Sebastopol by the *francs-tireurs* and riflemen of the Allies, the Russian Minister of Marine has taken artillery soldiers from the Baltic fleet, and sent them to the south.

RELIEF FOR OUR SOLDIERS.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* suggests that Government might

engage 2000 navvies from the railway contractors who would be far more effective in the trenches than 3,000 soldiers. A revolver and spade would fit out each man.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE NON-COMMISSIONED.—Viscount Molyneux, son of Lord Seaton, has been gazetted to an ensign in the Guards, "without purchase." M. P. writes to the *Daily News*, and thinks if the money was not wanted, the ensign should have been given to some non-commissioned officer who had distinguished himself, and in any case not to a Viscount who could afford to pay for it.

SPY.—A strange incident is said to have taken place to-day in our lines, which, if true, shows the astuteness of the enemy, and the want of presence of mind on the part of some of our officers. A man in the uniform of a French officer sauntered coolly through our lines to-day, was civil and polite to all he met, entered into conversation with those who were walking about, smoked, and chatted, and laughed, and at last got into a sort of discussion respecting the strength and weakness of our position in the rear towards Balaklava. Nothing doubting, our officers expressed their opinions freely, pointed out our weak points, and spoke plainly of the difficulties of our position. At length an officer of the 79th, who had a more practised ear than his comrade, was struck by the strange accent and curious idiom of the *soi-disant* Frenchman, which, in any one but a Frenchman, would have excited no suspicion; but still he was afraid of making a mistake, and had no device ready at hand to test the truth. However, he sent off to Sir Colin Campbell to say that he suspected there was a Russian spy amongst them. The supposed Frenchman was not to be caught so easily. His quick eye detected the despatch of the messenger, and so he gradually drew off from our lines towards the valley, but in a manner so natural as to perplex those to whom the officer had communicated his misgivings, and when he had gained a good offing he quickened his pace into a run, and got right away into the Russian lines, leaving his late companions gazing open-mouthed after him! It argued no common coolness and audacity to undertake such a mission, for had the gentleman in question been captured, he would assuredly have been hanged as a spy. The French executed speedy justice the other day on a spy, whom they found disguised as a Tartar arabe within their lines, and shot him as soon as they had found out all they could from him. But these Russians are very *rude*. The sentinel before the house of the Provost-Marshal in Balaklava was astonished to see a horse, with a sack of corn on its back, deliberately walking past him in the moonlight the other night. He went over to seize the animal, when the sack of corn suddenly became changed into a full-grown Cossack, who drove the spurs into his steed, and had vanished ere the sentry had recovered his speech.—*Times Correspondent*.

THE REV. MR. WHEBLE.—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. John Wheble, one of the Roman Catholic chaplains to the army, which took place from dysentery in the Crimea. Mr. Wheble was endeared to all who knew him by his thoroughly good and amiable disposition, and we doubt whether those of his own faith who loved him for his devotion to it were not equalled by his friends of other persuasions, who admired him for his genial, frank, and tolerant mind. With the army he was principally attached to the Second Division, and we are told that, from Sir De Lucy Evans to the youngest drummer, every man mourns him as a friend. Mr. Wheble was a young man, well off as regards the goods of this world, and when, last spring, he volunteered to leave his quiet curacy at Chelsea to encounter the hardships and dangers of the war, he made, perhaps, as great a sacrifice to duty as any one of the gentlemen of England who have left fortune, home, and friends to fight for their country in the East.—*Times*.

M.P.'S AT INKERMAN.—Two members of Parliament were killed at the battle of Inkerman on the 5th—Lieut.-Col. E. W. Pakenham, of the Grenadier Guards, member for Antrim; and Lieut.-Col. James Hunter Blair, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, M.P. for Ayr.

RUSSIAN BARBARY IN BATTLE.—In the battle of the 5th a Russian major was discovered by a French officer who understood the language, in the act of ordering his men to cut to pieces the French and English wounded in the action. Our own poor fellows, it appears, had to suffer most from this atrocity, and the major, having been taken prisoner by the French, was on the point of being sent here on board the Panama with Prince Napoleon. Lord Raglan, however, demanded of General Canrobert that the monster should be given up to him; and the Prince states that, on his departure, the military tribunal had sentenced him to be hanged.—*Times' Constantinople Correspondent*.

Another letter says:—

There is a feature in this war, or rather the Russian mode of carrying it on, that deserves the attention of every Englishman, as well as his execration. Again and again, Russian officers, as well as men, for the

sake of plunder, prowl about the field, stabbing the not yet dead, robbing them of their epaulettes, watches, rings, and even their trousers and boots. A Russian major has been caught in the very act, and Lord Raglan had caused a court-martial to be assembled, by which, if he be convicted, it is said Lord Raglan intends to hang him—a most righteous punishment too. However, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert have forwarded a joint note, under a flag of truce, to the Russian authorities, condemning in the strongest terms such atrocious acts, and requiring them to take the proper steps to prevent such atrocities, and reminding them that large numbers of Russian subjects are now prisoners of war, and that they are treated with more than humanity, less like enemies than friends, and that it would be a grief to them to be obliged to deny them their parole and place them under close restraint.

POPULAR FEELING IN ENGLAND.—At Manchester, Mr. John Bright has been burnt in effigy. At Newcastle, a member of the Exchange has been expelled with execrations for exulting in some success of the enemy. He was agent of an Austrian commercial company.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The *Morning Chronicle*, in an article full of information, says:—

"Besides the two corps d'élite of Guards and Grenadiers, the Russian army consists of six corps, which are at present distributed along the southern frontier of the empire, from Poland to Georgia. Each of these corps is composed of three divisions, and in each division are two brigades or four regiments, each containing four battalions. To every corps of infantry cavalry and artillery are attached in a certain proportion; but we shall confine our present remarks to that arm of the force by which alone the position of the Allies before Sebastopol is liable to be seriously assailed. The strength of a battalion of Russian infantry is as variously represented as are the resources of the Government which it serves. The figures fluctuate, in fact, according to the momentary exigencies of the argument which they are intended to support; and this ingenuous inconsistency has been successfully imitated among ourselves.

"It appears that, on the 3rd, Prince Menschikoff had under his command the three divisions of the 4th corps, one division of the 5th, and two divisions of the 6th—being, in all, six divisions, containing ninety-six battalions of 600 strong, or 57,600 men. To this force must be added three battalions of rifles, of 600 men each, and eight battalions of marines, which do not number more than 550 men each; so that the entire strength of infantry, within and outside Sebastopol, on the day in question, cannot have exceeded 64,000 men. It is true that, besides the four battalions usually present in the field, each regiment of the Russian army has one or more of reserve, which, under certain circumstances, may be brought into active service; and it happens that one of the divisions now in the Crimea consists partly of such reserve battalions. The distribution of these reserves is not, however, more difficult to ascertain than that of the active army; and we believe it will be found that our statement of the force at Prince Menschikoff's disposal on the 3rd instant includes all the infantry who, on that day, were near enough to the scene of action to influence the destiny of Sebastopol. If this assumption be correct, it follows that, on the 5th, after providing for the defence of the town and the north forts, the Russian generals might have employed 45,000 or 50,000 men in the attempt to force the Allies from their position. But that day witnessed a diminution of the enemy's numbers to the extent of nearly 10,000 men; and it is not probable that, for many weeks to come, he will be able to replace the losses which he then sustained. We do not doubt that every effort will be made to outnumber the besiegers; and, for that purpose, the Russian troops along the southern frontier of the empire are being gradually shifted eastward—thus drawing nearer to the scene of actual war, while, at the same time, diminishing the army which has excited the uneasiness of Austria."

THE ALLIED FORCES IN THE PACIFIC.

We have been hearing, for a long time, of Russian men-of-war "dodging" British and French men-of-war in the Pacific; and have thus been somewhat prepared for what has now occurred.

The French and English vessels had joined company in the cruise. On the 28th of August the squadron arrived before Petropavlovski. Petropavlovski is situated on the eastern coast of Kamtschatka, near its southern extremity, in latitude 53° north, and longitude 159° east, from Greenwich. It is a fortified town of some 2500 inhabitants, and is one of those advanced posts which, for the last half century, it has been the policy of Russia to establish on the frontier of her dominions, in time of peace for the convenience of her commerce, and in time of war as places from which operations by sea might be supported.

The admirals decided on an attack. On the 29th

the Russian batteries opened on them. Behind the batteries were three Russian men-of-war. There was an interchange of bombarding during the whole day. Next day the fight was resumed, and in the middle of that day the English admiral (Prince) was killed by a shot from his own pistol, which, said the sailors, went off accidentally. The French admiral then took the command. On the third day a land attack was made, and a battery was taken, but the assailants had to re-embark. Next day a second land attack was decided on in a council of war, and 700 men were landed on the 4th of September.

"Every man was to receive 60 cartridges, and an additional supply of ammunition was to be placed in sloops. Captain de la Grandière for the French, and Captain Burridge for the English, were to be in command of the troops on land. The day was passed in making preparations. On Monday, the 4th of September, at three o'clock in the morning, the drums called all hands to quarters, and the troops for the land were taken on board the *Virago*, which landed them on the low portion of the peninsula.

"The troops took up the march, the English Marines in the lead. On arriving at the battery, the guns were spiked. The troops, leaving the battery, mounted the hill at a quick step, and entered into a thick brushwood. Here they were received by a lively fire of musketry, to which they replied in the midst of the brush. The *Virago*, leaving the troops, went to the point at the north, from which a constant fire was kept up. Here, on a brook, near the town, a battery of five guns was unmasked, and then silenced by the *Virago*.

"In the meantime the fight in the brushwood was very severe. The sailors fought like madmen, under the destructive fire of the Russians. Captain C. A. Parker fell, charging at the head of the English Marines; M. Bourassa fell at his side. Lieutenant Lefebvre, of the *Eurydice*, was killed. Mr. Howard, aide-de-camp of the English admiral, had his arm broken. Unable to sustain the unequal struggle the order was given to re-embark. The first object of the landing was attained. The battery was evacuated, the Russian gunners were dead upon their guns and their cannons spiked. To have gone further would have cost severe losses; to have dislodged the Russians from the wood, of which the size was unknown, would have required a siege. The troops retired slowly. One company of 100 men, hidden among the ruins of the battery, gave the advancing Russians a check, and under this protection the English and French carried off their wounded. On board the *Forte* the carpenters were busy in repairing damages. On the next day, the 5th, those killed in the assault were buried at Tarenaki. On the 6th the squadron made ready to depart, and on the 7th departed. During the day two vessels were seen, one a three-master, the other a schooner. The *Virago* took the schooner, and the President took the *Sitka*, a vessel of 800 tons, from Ayan, in Okhotsk Sea, with provisions and arms for Petropavlovski. The cargo of the *Sitka* was valued at 200,000 dollars. The schooner was burnt on the high sea on the 8th.

"During the whole course of the expedition the most thorough good feeling prevailed between the French and English. On land and sea, in the harbour of Honolulu, and under the fire of Petropavlovski, the officers and sailors of the two nations have learnt, by continued intercourse, to love and esteem each other. The two nations, rivals in other times, now friends, obey the same thought, and mix their blood upon the field of battle. In the Polar Seas of Asia and on the shores of Borneo and Sumatra they are animated by the same sympathy and emulation. The brave Parker, cheering our sailors forward, died at their side; and around him our officers and sailors fell, dedicated by an invisible enemy. A friendship founded upon mutual esteem, and cemented by such recollections, assures the permanent union of the two greatest nations of the earth."

There are various accounts as to the force at Petropavlovski. It is said there were eight batteries, mounting 80 guns, besides the two men-of-war, which did good service as batteries; in all 144 guns. The population is reckoned at 2000 since the late addition to the garrison. The place is a strong position, fortified by nature, and is capable of resisting a superior force. The strength of the Allies is easily computed. La *Forte* is a first-class frigate, carrying 60 guns, of which 8 are 80-pounders, and 52 are 30-pounders, with a crew of 500 men; the *Eurydice* carries 30 guns, of which 4 are 80-pounders, and 26 are 30-pounders, with 230 men; and the *Obligado* carries 12 guns, all 30-pounders and 120 men. The English vessels, the *President*, 50, the *Pique*, 40, and the *Virago*, 6, carry together 208 guns, which, added to the French, make an aggregate of 310 guns on the side of the Allies. The English loss was considerable.

It is well understood that the allied fleet would have demolished Petropavlovski had it not been for a lack of provisions. By some oversight there was no storeship attached to the fleet, and the squadrons were obliged, by the shortness of their provisions, to sail to a port where they could replenish their stores, otherwise the bombardment would have been continued until the place was reduced to ashes.

INTENDED MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

In the Court of Chancery a case has been heard, with closed doors, which discloses a miserable picture of the state of the marriage market. "High Life" is concerned, and the Lord Chancellor has given a decision which shows that occasionally "the law for the Rich and the law for the Poor" are identical. However, "the Rich" in the present case is poor enough, which occasions the story. The Lord Chancellor threw open the Court to his decision, which he accompanied by a full version of the case:—

Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford (Mrs. Hungerford being the guardian of Miss Thornhill, a young lady of eighteen years of age, with a very large fortune) paid a visit to Lord and Lady Ferrers in May last year, and Mr. Chichester, brother of Lady Ferrers, was on a visit there at that time. There is some controversy as to whether Mr. Chichester did pay anything like marked attention to the young lady during that visit, which was the first time he had ever seen her. Mrs. Hungerford positively declared that she saw nothing whatever to lead her to suppose that any sort of intercourse whatever had passed between them, more than the exchange of common civilities. Mr. Chichester and Lady Ferrers assert the contrary. Mrs. Hungerford says, that just in the evening before their departure, Mr. Chichester, in a joking manner, alluding to his own pecuniary embarrassments, and the difficulty he might have in obtaining the sanction of the Court, said to her that he thought he should be a suitor for the young lady's hand, and that she turned it off, supposing it to be a mere joke. He, on the contrary, says that he understood from what passed that he would have the sanction of Mrs. Hungerford, or that there would be no opposition on her part. Shortly after they got home the young lady made a present of a purse to Lady Ferrers, and letters passed which were seen by the guardian. About a fortnight afterwards (not quite a fortnight afterwards), Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford, with the young lady, went on a visit to somewhere near Ascot, and on their arrival there, Mrs. Hungerford discovered some fragments of a letter that had cross bars in a different ink and in a different writing. It proved to be written with lemon juice, which when held to the fire comes out of a pale red colour, and it afterwards proved to be a letter from Lady Ferrers, in which the black ink writing had been shown, but which contained the clandestine writing in the lemon juice, since revealed, and being more or less an encouragement on the part of Lady Ferrers to the young lady to give countenance to the suit of Mr. Chichester, Lady Ferrers' brother. Lady Ferrers had desired that she might be at liberty to send to the young lady a little basket in return for the purse. Mrs. Hungerford did not object to that; but she said it would be better that it should come through her, and she would present it in Lady Ferrers' name. She did so, and in this basket was concealed a letter, written, not on paper, which would have made a crackling noise, but on lime, giving secret encouragement to the ward, against the consent, or without the consent of her guardian, to give countenance to the suit of her brother, whom she admitted to be in deep embarrassment. Mrs. Hungerford immediately wrote to Lady Ferrers and to Mr. Chichester, expressing astonishment, and forbidding all intercourse, and Lady Ferrers on that made a promise that she would not write any more. Mr. Chichester, being thus rejected at the part of the guardian as an unfit suitor for the young lady was forbidden to visit her at all; but the course he took was this:—Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford and the young lady were living at Dingley Park, a mile or two from Market Harborough. It seems that some time in August, Mr. Chichester, with another gentleman, who passed by the name of George Ramsden, with a third (who probably was a younger brother of Mr. Chichester) and a fourth person, supposed to be a servant (there is distinct evidence that there were four—sometimes four, sometimes only three), took up their quarters at the inn at Market Harborough, and Mr. Chichester went in the middle of the night, from time to time, attended sometimes by two, sometimes by three of these persons, in order to hold clandestine communication with Miss Thornhill, either at the window of her bedroom, or some other window, where by arrangement they were to meet. It appears that Lady Ferrers wrote to her brother, Mr. Chichester, encouraging him in what she must have known to be his intentions and object. Among the letters which the young lady gave up to Mr. Chichester, are two from Lady Ferrers to him (Mr. Chichester), in one of which she says, "I only wish she was my little sister (speaking of Miss Thornhill); and no matter how you marry her, so long as it is properly performed, I will only be too glad to receive her with open arms, and I feel I could love her so much." . . . "If dear Clara would leave them, and go with you to be married, I need not repeat that she will always find me ready to receive her." At the same time that Mr. Chichester put these letters into the young lady's hand, he sent her other letters, which contained these passages—"Clara, is it just towards me, this treatment? Am I to go about, afraid of seeing any one here, skulking about? There is a great deal of difference between"—(he mentions a gentleman who was well known in society to have eloped two years ago with a lady of rank)—"there is a great difference between

that gentleman and G. A. H. C." (that is, George Augustus Hamilton Chichester). "He married my cousin, and we were all very much annoyed."—"Tomorrow night what you ought to do, dearest Clara, is to say or write when you are ready—that will be now or to-morrow night, whichever you like—so, dearest Clara, be mine."—"Do you think, Clara, that I for one moment would wish you to leave your guardians, if I was not certain, if I had not had the first legal opinions on the matter, that everything could be done legally and for ever binding? Do you suppose my family would?" (Here the letter is torn). "The law is, that if a ward in court marries against the Chancellor's consent, and that she is over eighteen years of age, her husband can be imprisoned till she comes of age, for contempt of court, provided they catch him within the jurisdiction of the court, which extends to Great Britain. Now, this is the law; and never mind what others have told you to frighten you—this is the law. Besides, there are plenty of instances; and they have never imprisoned the husband beyond six or seven months, and that only in the case of an improper marriage, such as in a ward running away with a tutor or servant, &c. In our case it would be quite different; in fact, the world and the Lord Chancellor would wonder what we ran away for. I am merely telling you now what two of the first Chancery men have told me; they laughed at me, and said—'Why, a man in your position, if you did do such a thing—I should do it'" (Here the letter is again torn.)

The Lord Chancellor having narrated these facts, intermingling them with severe reproof of Lady Ferrers and her brother, said the result was absolutely conclusive that Mr. Chichester, having described himself on one occasion as being over head and ears in debt, and having stated over and over again that he was in great pecuniary embarrassment, endeavoured to induce the young lady so far to forget her duty as to run off with him. He (the Lord Chancellor) had several private interviews with Miss Thornhill quite away from her guardians, and was quite convinced that when Mr. Chichester said she consented to his application for leave to make proposals, he said that which nothing warranted. She did not consent, and never had the least wish to consent. She had now put every scrap of paper into the hands of her guardian. That she acted imprudently, no one could deny; but she was led on to it by others who ought to have known better. He did not see his way quite clearly to the conclusion that Lady Ferrers intended, or was instrumental in encouraging, the young lady to elope, yet that Mr. Chichester was, could not be doubted. He had endeavoured clandestinely to remove her from the custody of her guardian, and for that contempt of Court he should commit him to the Queen's Prison. The tipstaff would immediately take Mr. Chichester into custody. He would also make an order that he pay the costs of this motion, and that his own petition, that he be allowed to make proposals, be dismissed with costs.

Mr. Baily: This is a motion against Lady Ferrers and Mr. Chichester.

The Lord Chancellor: I make no order with respect to Lady Ferrers, except that I give her no costs.

Mr. Baily: But then there will be no division of costs, Mr. Chichester will pay the cost of the guardians.

The Lord Chancellor: Mr. Chichester will pay the costs of the motion. I shall make no special order. He will pay the costs of the motion, and his own petition is dismissed with costs, and he is committed to the Queen's Prison.

OUR CIVILISATION.

WIFE BEATING.—This elegant and manly accomplishment appears to flourish, notwithstanding the recent Six Months' Bill for its punishment and suppression. Possibly the fact that the bill does not seem to be enforced will explain the mystery.

A carman, named John Wellington, has nearly killed his wife. He went home in a state of intoxication, and commenced moving the furniture, &c., as if he contemplated a sudden change of residence. The wife endeavoured to prevent him, whereupon he knocked her down with a "bed-winch," and kicked her until she became insensible. He then smashed everything in the room. Wellington regretted that his wife was subject to fits, and he fancied that infirmity might have occasioned her fall. He called a witness, who said he had not seen the prisoner assault his wife, but he had seen the wife pull the prisoner's hair. Mr. Paynter sentenced him to hard labour for two months.

Ann Kately was "living" with James Grenville. He ill-treated her, whereupon she left him, but soon returned. While he was out one day she pledged her only gown, in order to obtain some money to enable Grenville to go to work. He heard of this on his return, and the usual scene of knocking about, beating, and kicking ensued. It appears to have been performed with the customary vigour. The defendant explained that he went home as quiet as a lamb, but his wife, who was drunk, scratched his face. Two months in the House of Correction met the exigencies of the case. No hard labour!

BROCADED ROBES FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.—

At the examination of an insolvent this week, the claim of a creditor for 200*l.* (balance of 350*l.*) was refused, on the ground that the goods, brocaded robes, velvet jackets, &c., were obtained without the husband's cognisance. The entire bill had been run up in ten months. It was ruled that such things were not "necessaries" for a tradesman's wife, and that the tradesmen supplying them ought to have known better.

MURDER THROUGH JEALOUSY.—At Hook, near Swindon, a man cut the throat of a woman with whom he was "living" whilst at breakfast. He made a similar attempt on his own life, but unsuccessfully. He explained that the woman had given him cause for jealousy.

TWO BUSINESSES IN ONE SHOP.—A shawl, value 60*l.*, and other articles, were stolen by a milliner from a house in Berkeley-square, while she was there working for the family. The shawl was then sold to a Mr. Pavey, news-vender, Holywell-street, for 2*l.* 10*s.*. Assistant-Judge Adams called Mr. Pavey into the witness-box and cautioned him as to how he bought such shawls for the future. He bought a shawl worth 60*l.* for 2*l.* 10*s.* on a vague statement that the seller had received it from a lady's maid, and a day or two afterwards sold it for 8*l.* 10*s.* All he could say was, that he was uncommonly lucky that he did not stand at the bar beside the prisoner. The prisoner was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

A PROFESSIONAL WRITER.—Discovery of intended fraud has been made through a conviction for ordinary theft. Herman Geber, a German, appeared to give evidence against Rose Herbert, a French woman, but the prisoner's counsel elicited from the witness the fact that he had incited her to get up a subscription for the wives of the wounded at Alma. A paper was produced, which the witness admitted having written. It had a heading, and a list of names, apparently in various handwritings, and was well calculated to touch even the wary. The witness, who holds a situation in the city, seemed rather proud of his abilities as a writer, and offered to produce testimonials (to his character) from a banking-house in Berlin.

A GIRL MURDERED BY HER FATHER.—An inquest has been held at Rugby on the body of Sarah Ann Voss, aged eighteen. Her sister gave evidence:—

"In about five minutes I heard my sister scream two or three times. I ran up-stairs, and I heard her say, 'Oh, father, I will never do it again.' When I got in the room I saw my father kneeling on the bed. I said, 'Oh, father, what are you doing?' He looked at me as though he was thinking of killing me. I did not see my sister, as the bed-clothes were thrown over her head. I could not see well what my father had in his hand, but I received a cut on my finger as I pulled him off the bed with what I thought was the big pair of scissors. He went back to the bed again, and his hands were in his pockets. He had the clothes on them he went away in. His hands were bloody. When my grandmother spoke to him, he said, 'I have done it, and I shall be hung for it.' I said, 'What will become of your and my sister's soul?' He then lit his pipe, and said, 'I smoke for the last time.' He forced me to drink wine. He gave me a gold ring, and said I was to have my sister's clothes. He gave my grandmother his watch and his purse. He then made us swear that we would not give any alarm till the policeman came. He smoked another pipe of tobacco. I think he had no money. He passed us once, shook hands with us again, and he went away, and I have not seen him since. My father was always kind to us, and rarely refused us anything we asked him."

No reason was suggested for the act. The poor girl was going to be married, and intended to go to Birmingham without her father's knowledge. He discovered it, but that could scarcely be sufficient provocation. She presented a most frightful spectacle; her face, breast, and shoulders were covered with blood; there were two cuts about the throat—one was six inches long across in a slanting direction, commencing under the left ear, which severed the windpipe and cut through the jugular vein.

The inquest was adjourned.

BALL AT THE GUILDFHALL IN AID OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

The ball, originated by the corporation in aid of the Patriotic Fund, came off on Wednesday. The decorations were the same as on Lord Mayor's Day. The magnificent transparency, the work of Roberts and Absalon, was brilliantly illuminated, and the interest of its subject (the alliance of England and France) attracted much attention. Nearly 2000 persons were present, including a large muster of civic notabilities; but the absence of the aristocracy was a noticeable fact.

A dance, to provide funds for a war, is a stupid thought:—it is a pity any one was present.

THE OMNIBUS TRADE.

THE usual attempts are being made on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view to waylaying the means in the approaching budget. The metropolitan stage carriage proprietors have sent a deputation to the chancellor to explain the predicament in which they are placed.

Mr. Bradfield, the Secretary, read a memorial, setting forth that the mileage duty is unequal and unjust as a question of competition with railways and steamboats, and that it is utterly impossible for the trade to pay it. The reasons assigned for this very absolute conclusion are that prices of articles consumed in the trade have advanced, while the proprietors "cannot increase their fares to make up their losses, as the fares settled by act of parliament for the regulation of cabs are a complete check to their doing so, besides the inability of the majority of persons to pay any increased fares." He then stated that in many places large numbers of omnibuses had been taken off the road; in London one hundred had ceased running, and the remainder were worked to a loss. The new Cab Act, in fixing 6d. per mile, had taken away many of the short omnibus riders, and was an obstacle against raising the passengers' fares. For that 6d. per mile Government had granted a reduction of 26,000/- to cab-owners, and given them five passengers for one horse. This 6d. per mile, therefore, whilst it did not pay the cab master, seriously injured the omnibus proprietor.

Mr. Cowan, of the Atlas Association, said he had not received any profit from his vehicles since the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Mr. Bradfield reminded the right hon. gentleman of the stage carriage proprietors' petition to the House of Commons, which suggested that, if the proprietors were placed upon the same footing as the trains, they would carry the public at a penny a mile, which would greatly benefit the population.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that was not previously understood by him.

The deputation then retired.

PRIESTS AND POLITICS IN IRELAND.

MR. LUCAS has stated in his celebrated journal, the *Tablet*, what he calls "The Alternative"—that is to say, the course which he and his political friends will be forced to take in the event of their appeal to the Pope (to check the Bishops in the attempts to keep priests out of politics) proving unsuccessful:—

"The issue is very simple. It is whether in future the field of politics shall be closed hopelessly and altogether to those Catholics who desire only the public service, without any view of personal advancement, or the gratification of vanity or ambition. With these motives, even after the new system of restraint and coercion had been fully carried into effect; after the popular power in this island had been thoroughly subjugated; after Catholicity had been fairly handed over as an appendage to Whig rule, and as an heirloom going from father to son with the possession of a domain—after all this had been accomplished, an Irish Catholic might, and many would, desire to enter the House of Commons from any of the various motives which thrust ambitious or selfish men upon the stage of public life. But for a man who simply desires to serve the Church and the poor, there would be no place under such a régime, because the power of accomplishing such objects would definitely and finally be taken from him. . . . When this new state of things shall be thoroughly established, when the new law shall be passed and promulgated, then indeed, whatever be the intention, it will have become part of the canon law of this country to make over the influences by which honest Catholic constituencies have hitherto been guided, to the corrupt, the powerful, and the unscrupulous. It will then be a settled principle of canon law that free course is to be given to those secret methods by which corrupting candidates and venal electors are brought to a mutual good understanding; that unlimited scope is to be given to the despotic influence of the powerful oppressor, whether Whig or Tory; and that all efforts which tend to weaken the influence of the corrupter, and to break the chains of the despot, are to be discouraged and restrained. When this happy time comes; when the Monsell theory of Catholic polities shall be received amongst the Ecclesiastical statutes of this kingdom; when by this means the chains of the despot shall be riveted with an Ecclesiastical bolt; when this catastrophe, which I believe impossible, shall really come upon us; when the people shall have no hope of the redress of grievances except by the breach of some law of man or some law of the Church; when all ordinary avenues of redress and justice shall be closed to them; when to a public man no course shall remain except servility, or corruption, or selfish ambition—when this time comes, then I simply say that for men with my views and my opinions there will be no place, and that the true instruments of this new order of things, and, indeed, the only proper instruments, will be the lowest and basest of mankind. From my connexion with such a system God keep every honest man!"

ARCHDEACON DENISON AND FALSE DOCTRINE.

IN the Court of Queen's Bench on Monday, Sir Frederick Thesiger moved for a rule to show cause why certain proceedings taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury against Archdeacon Denison should not be stopped.

The proceedings in question arose out of two sermons preached by the Archdeacon in the church at Wells on the 7th of August and the 6th of November, 1853, on the doctrine of the real presence, and which had afterwards been published. The Rev. Joseph Ditcher, the vicar of South Brent, in the county of Somerset, and in the same diocese, entertained the opinion that these sermons contained doctrines on the subject of the Holy Communion that were completely repugnant to the Thirty-nine Articles and to the doctrines of the Church of England.

At the investigation of this gentleman, some correspondence ensued between the Archdeacon and the (then) Bishop of Bath and Wells, in whose diocese the Archdeacon lay. The matter was satisfactorily arranged—the Bishop merely admonishing the Archdeacon not to teach as Church doctrine an opinion of his (the Archdeacon's), which the Church had not absolutely disown.

On the appointment of Lord Auckland to the Bishopric, the Rev. Mr. Ditcher made further application for proceedings, and proper notice was then served by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Sir F. Thesiger considered that the case had been decided in the first instance by the former Bishop, and contended that the words of the 13th section where it was said "it shall be lawful" for the bishop to send the case to the archbishop, meant that the bishop should exercise his discretion as to whether or not he should do so. In that case the bishop had exercised his discretion by refusing. But if, on the other hand, the bishop had no discretion to exercise, but was bound to act ministerially and to send the case to the archbishop, the promoter, on the bishop's refusal to do so, ought to have applied to the Court for a *mandamus* to compel him. The view of the law for which he was now contending was consistent with the general ecclesiastical law; but the view contended for on the other side introduced this anomaly—that certain inferior clergymen of the bishop's own diocese would be sitting in judgment on the decision of their diocesan.

Lord Campbell deprecated discussions in open Court on such sacred and serious subjects, and said the Court would take time to consider its decision.

THE CONFERENCE AT OSTEND.

THE New York *Herald* publishes, in a very conspicuous manner, a statement based on private advices, and professing to state with certainty the result of "the ministerial and ambassadorial conference" recently held at Ostend. According to the *New York Herald*, the object was to discuss the line of policy by which the difficulties with Spain could be adjusted; and the conference came to the conclusion that the Government should at once compel Spain to part with Cuba by sale. Such is the effect, though not stated in the exact words which the *New York Herald* uses:—

"Measrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé have also expressed their conviction that France and England are favourable to the sale of Cuba to the United States, a marked change having recently taken place in the policy of those countries in this respect. The tone of the English and French press would lead to a supposition that this was the case; but this is rendered more important by the official character of the information now in possession of our Government."

The *Herald* states that "Mr. M'Raie, our consul at Paris, who arrived here in the Arabia, was the bearer of the despatches conveying this recommendation of the American ministers, and urging upon the President immediately to make the avowal, and take steps to carry it into effect. The matter is now being deliberated upon by the Cabinet at Washington, and the country will look with deep interest to the result."

Probably our readers will remember how far this statement accords with our own. The conference at Ostend, no doubt, did take into consideration the affair of Cuba; but the account of our New York contemporary, we conceive, fails in the direction, both of over-stating and of short coming. We doubt whether the conference limited itself to the considerations of Spanish questions, and the feature to which our contemporary alludes we believe included the consideration of the position which the American Government would occupy in Europe on the next settlement of European relations.

With regard to Spain, we believe that there is no ground for stating that Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Soulé recommended the forcible purchase of Cuba. It is probable that they advised President Pierce to put a compulsion upon Spain, so far as immediate indemnity to the owners of the Black Warrior, for damage suffered by that vessel.

HEALTH OF LONDON.

THE Registrar-General reports that in the week that ended last Saturday 1309 deaths were registered in London. Having fallen to 1160 in the previous week, the deaths again exhibit an increase, the effect of increased cold in the closing months of the year. The mean weekly temperature was 60.7 deg. in the second week of September; since that time it has fallen almost continuously till it was only 42.2 deg. in the week that ended November 11; and last week it has further declined to 40.9 deg.

The mean temperature of last week is about 5 deg. below the average of ten corresponding weeks, and the effect of this depression is perceptible near the beginning and end of life; for 662 children died, whilst the average is 539; and 267 old persons died, the average being 212. Between the periods of 15 and 60 years the mortality did not exceed the ordinary rate.

In the ten weeks corresponding to last week of the years 1844-53, the average number of deaths was 1024, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1126. The present return shows a mortality considerably greater than usual.

Twelve deaths were caused by cholera and 31 by diarrhoea. Smallpox was fatal in 29 cases, measles in 24, hooping-cough in 34, and scarlatina in 106. To the entire class of zymotic diseases 332 deaths—a high mortality—are referred, and to diseases of the respiratory organs 240, which is also more than the average at this period.

LORD RAGLAN'S ORDER TO THE CAVALRY TO CHARGE.

THE following is a verbatim copy of Lord Raglan's order, delivered to Captain Nolan:—"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent their carrying away the guns. Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany French cavalry is on the left.—Immediate.

"R. ARMY."

[This throws the responsibility on Lord Raglan, for this "order" leaves a large discretion.]

GOING A-HEAD IN AUSTRALIA.

THE advices from South Australia received by the last mail describe an extraordinary proposal which has been transmitted to the home Government for the construction of a railway, 1000 miles in length, to connect the three colonies of South Australia, Victoria, and Sydney. The plan, as detailed by Sir Henry Young, the Governor of South Australia, is that the necessary capital, which is estimated at 10,000,000/-, should be raised by a loan, the interest of which should be provided for by votes of the three colonies, and guaranteed at the same time by the Imperial Government, and that the lands for 10 miles on both sides of the line, amounting to 12,800,000 acres, should be placed under the administration of commissioners, with the view of being gradually realized, one-half of their proceeds to be applied to redeem the loan, and the other half for introducing labour. The route to be followed would be chiefly along the valley of the Murray, with a branch from Swan Hill to Melbourne; and the work, it is thought, could be carried on at the rate of 200 miles per annum, and thus be completed in five years. But even this proposal is moderate, compared with another for the same purpose which Sir Henry Young also forwards, as having been submitted to him by Mr. Justice Boothby. In addition to the railway, the judge would construct enormous docks at each great terminus, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, capable of accommodating the largest ocean steamers, and, instead of 10,000,000/-, he proposes a capital of 21,000,000/-, as, with the guarantee of the Imperial Government, the larger sum can, of course, be easily raised as the smaller.

AMERICAN NOTES.

MATERNITY AT PHILADELPHIA.—A woman named Pamela Myers, aged 22, has been charged with repeated acts of infanticide. She is unmarried, but has given birth to six children, all of whom, but one, she has destroyed. The *Philadelphia American* says, there is reason to believe that most of them have been thrown to the hogs for food.

WRECK OF A CALIFORNIAN GOLD-SHIP—PIRACY.—The steamer Yankee Blade was lost on the 1st of October during a fog, on some rocks near Point Conception. An irregular variation of the compass probably caused the wreck. At night after some of the passengers had been landed, a large number of "shoulder-strikers" and "stow-aways," committed horrible ravages. They attacked the passengers, robbed them, and some were murdered. It has been suggested that the loss of the ship was contrived by these wretches, who were in sufficient force to have their own way entirely. Many of the passengers and crew got to land, but the greater part were saved by the Goliath which happened to pass. Five-and-thirty lives were lost.

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EGYPT.

SEVERAL changes have been made among the various functionaries, and with the best intentions, the most important being that of Ratib-Pacha, nominated Governor of Alexandria. The administration of commerce is suppressed; the Pacha having declared that he will have no further connexion with commercial transactions, and that he has determined to have trade entirely free.

Arem Bey, ex-minister under Mehemet Ali, has just been nominated President of the Tribunal of Commerce. This is one of the first steps in the reform of that branch of the administration.

The peasants are to pay their taxes half in money and half in drafts upon the treasury. These have already come down from 25 per cent. to 7 and 8 per cent., and will soon be at par. The last measure favours in a peculiar manner the government functionaries, who were paid in paper only. But the full and entire freedom of commerce is one of those measures which must have an enormous extension, and which in fact scarcely any one could formerly have expected.

SPAIN.

Madrid, Nov. 21.

In the sitting of the Cortes, to-day, the Duke de Vittoria made the following declaration :

Gentlemen.—When the whole nation resolved in July last to recover its rights and to destroy the abuses which had been introduced into the government of the state, I was called on by the heroic people of Saragossa, in order to authorise and support the movement which for the same object was effected in that capital and in the principal parts of Arragon. I went without hesitation to support and defend so noble a cause, and I offered, in the most solemn manner, to use all my efforts in order that the national will should be accomplished. The Queen then appointed me President of the Council of Ministers, and I accepted that charge with the firm resolution of giving it up as soon as the Constituent Cortes should be assembled. This was one of the principal demands which I made to the Queen, and which her Majesty admitted without repugnance. The Constituent Cortes are now assembled, and the ministry over which I have the honour to preside is about to tender its resignation, in order to leave to her Majesty full liberty of choosing her responsible advisers, conformably to parliamentary usages. Gentlemen, I avail myself of this opportunity to here declare, in the sanctuary of the laws, before God and before men, that I have no kind of ambition; that the only thing which forms the object of my wishes is to live as a simple citizen in obedience to the laws.

This declaration was received with shouts of applause.

Various motives are assigned for this act; it is generally ascribed to policy as well as to patriotism. Espartero's candidate for the Presidency of the Cortes was defeated. San Miguel is too old to occupy the place to which he was elected.

There is still much talk of a Carlist rising. In consequence of the late remission of two years' service, the soldiers of the conscription of 1848 are now receiving their discharges, and it is said that in the course of December the army will be diminished by no less than 25,000 men. On this the Carlists are reported to build their hopes.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

Mr. LEWIS CASS, the U.S. Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Rome, had an audience of the Pope on the 18th, in which he delivered new letters of credence raising him to the rank of resident Minister at Rome.

THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW—AND ORDER.—It is stated that the Czar has sent to the King of Prussia one of the copies taken by the Russians in the Crimea. This is a strange present to a sovereign who professes to be neutral. If accepted, it will throw a valuable light on what the King of Prussia understands by neutrality. It will be an attestation by his acts to the sincerity of the words he used to the officers of the garrison of Stettin—“As long as I am King of Prussia, the Prussian army shall not march against Russia.”

MARSHAL NARVAEZ has arrived at Orleans. It is said that he intends to pass the winter in that city.

ROME.—We take the following gossip of the Church from the letter of a (Catholic) friend, now in Rome: “On the 8th of next month the Holy Father will celebrate high mass himself at St. Peter's, and afterwards will definitively pronounce the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. There will be more than a hundred bishops assembled. It will be a splendid sight. The Pope is also going to consecrate St. Paul's Basilica, and all the names of the bishops will be inscribed on a tablet in that church, which will be one of the finest in the world when complete. Our Queen, if she were Catholic, would be Protector of St. Paul's. Of course you are aware that Robert Isaac Wilberforce has been received by the Papal Nuncio at Paris, whither he was conducted by Dr. Grant, the Bishop of Southwark. It is

expected he will come here to be made a priest. Northcote is now here preparing for Holy Orders. I don't know who edits the *Rambler* now. Capes had it again till October. Robert Wilberforce is considered next in importance to Newman and Manning. He was the greatest theologian of the Establishment since Dr. Mill's death. Denison is now the most prominent man, though Thorpe is the leader of the remnant of the subscribers to the resolution of March 15, 1840. I expect the marvellous unity of the Church about the dogma of the Immaculate Conception will astonish Anglicans not a little. There are now here the Archbishops of Westminster, of Rheims, of Prague, Capua, Lyons, the Primate of Hungary, the Archbishops of Malines, Armagh, Dublin, Tuam, Genoa, Turin, Munich, Vienna, Salamanca, Baltimore. The Archbishops of Paris and New York are expected. There will be about one hundred bishops here this winter. The first meeting takes place, I believe, tomorrow. The Bull is already prepared. Nothing is omitted to give solemnity to the promulgation.”

LORD PALMERSTON remains at Paris. He resides at the British Embassy. He sees the Emperor daily. He dines with the Emperor's Ministers. Nobody can make out what he is at.

DEATH OF LORD DUDLEY STUART.

IT is with most sincere regret that we publish a telegraphic despatch, received last evening from our correspondent, announcing the decease of Lord Dudley Stuart, which took place at Stockholm on the 17th inst. Immediately after his lordship's arrival in that city, about the beginning of October, he was suddenly attacked with a complaint resembling cholera, which was succeeded by typhus fever. From this alarming illness he recovered sufficiently, in less than a fortnight, to carry on his extensive correspondence with almost his usual activity. He had a long audience of the King of Sweden, and attended the meetings of the Chambers, where his appearance was observed with lively satisfaction by the majority favourable to an alliance between Sweden and the Western Powers. But unfortunately his enfeebled frame was unable to resist the severity of a climate to which he was unaccustomed. He was attacked on the 11th inst. with an affection of the lungs, producing great difficulty of breathing, and although somewhat better on the 16th, he became worse on the morning of the 17th. He then perceived that his recovery was hopeless, spoke calmly of his approaching end, and expired without a struggle the same evening.—*Daily News.*

MARYLEBONE.

THE great borough of Marylebone is managed, in all electioneering matters, by half a dozen fussy fellows who are conspicuous at vestries. Immediately upon the news arriving of the death at Stockholm of Lord D. Stuart, the half-dozen fussy fellows called on one another, settled that Sir Hamilton Seymour should be invited to fill the vacant seat, and at once made the offer to that acute ambassador. Sir Hamilton is not in town: his answer has not yet been received; but if he accepts them, as no other Liberal will be likely to present himself, he will most likely be returned. The half-dozen fussy fellows never for a moment thought of consulting the electors!

OUR YOUNG STATESMEN.

LORD STANLEY and Sir Robert Peel attended and addressed a literary gathering this week of the people of Preston, at the Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge.

Lord Stanley made a most effective, sensible speech. Relating the history of the institution, he said that it had failed in interesting the mechanics, for whom specially it was intended; and he asked what was the cause of this failure as regards the working class? He did not exactly answer the question, which, no doubt, is only to be answered by the remark that the working man wants an institution which will amuse as well as teach him; but he suggested some means of correcting that great evil of the day—the division of society into separate if not antagonistic classes.

We all know, we all perceive that society in the present day is in many respects constituted very differently from what it was in former times. Various causes have operated upon it; perhaps amongst those causes the principal and most apparent has been that increase of local communication which tends almost to destroy, within, at least, the area of this country, all separations produced by space. Now, on the whole, there is, of course, no doubt—the man would be insane who denied it—there is no doubt that that increased facility of communication has been productive of very great benefit to the community; but, like every other benefit in this world, it has its accompanying evils. And one of these evils, I think, is a tendency, an increased tendency, which

most people notice, and which has been very frequently a subject of discussion—a tendency to a disruption of local connexions and ties. I think we shall find, if you compare the state of society now with what it was fifty, or still more one hundred, years ago, that men in the same class, following the same occupation, though in different parts of the country, are in much closer and more intimate relation one with another than persons in different classes following different occupations, who reside in the same immediate locality. The tie of class becomes stronger, the tie of local proximity becomes comparatively weaker. Now, no doubt, other causes concur, though in a lesser degree, to increase that division between classes. There is among the wealthy, perhaps, greater luxury and refinement; there is among the working class—and I for one don't regret to see it—a more strongly-developed feeling of independence, which makes them reluctant to meet those who, perhaps, they think do not meet them on equal terms; and there is no doubt also the pressure of severe labour upon all classes consequent upon the increased activity of our age. But be the causes what they may, the result, I think, is certain. And what we want to do is, what it is important to do is, to find for this severance, for this disruption of local ties, a remedy which shall be efficacious and universal. The only remedy which I know is, so far as it is possible, to provide common pursuits, to provide common occupations and amusements, to induce different classes to meet one another more freely, so as to make people think a little less of their individual place and station in society, and a little more of their duties to society.

Then, as to education, Lord Stanley seems to think we want no Parliamentary measure if classes would join in such institutions to educate one another.

A great deal is said of the want of a proper supply of schools for the working classes. Now, I am very far from denying that such a deficiency does really exist. But I believe, if we came to look into the matter accurately, we should find that our first and principal want is not so much a greater number, as an improved quality of schools. Now, in this matter Parliament may do something; whether it will is another question. Government inspectors may do a little in raising the standard of teaching; but, after all, neither Parliament nor Government can do all that is wanted. The principal labour, the principal responsibility, must rest, after all, on the parents, and upon no other persons. Well, what you have to do, then, if you want a better system of teaching for children—what you have to do is, to overcome the apathy and indifference of the parents. Now, of those parents there are many who were themselves brought up in ignorance, and who therefore, as a general rule, cannot be expected to have much feeling of the advantages of education. But there are many others who, having themselves received in their early days a more or less good elementary education, are nevertheless quite indifferent to their children receiving the same, on this account—they say, “We were taught at school; we learnt to read and write, we left school, and after we left school we found that no books were put in our way. It was only occasionally that we could get a newspaper. We had no means of using those acquirements which we gained with so much labour at school, and therefore they have been comparatively useless.” I have heard that language held before now, and I cannot say it was held untruly. You perceive what I am coming to. What I desire to urge is, that if you want school instruction to be properly valued, you must make it valuable. It is not valuable unless for the boy who has left school, for the young man, for the grown man of all ages, you provide such means of continuing his education, or, at all events, of profiting by that power which he has gained of reading with ease and pleasure to himself—unless you provide him with the means of using that power which in his early days he has acquired with so much labour. This, then, is the principal object of institutions of this kind. You supply books, you supply classes, you give instruction by means of lectures to the adult population. Once interest-grown men and women, fathers and mothers, in this work of education, rely upon it, in a very few years, you will have such a demand for teaching improved in quality and extended in quantity, as will compel the passing—or, what would be still better, as would supersede the passing of a parliamentary measure on the subject.

He admitted that the working man had but little time for reading and study; but even in that little time he considered a great deal might be done: and he condemned the Sabbatarians who would prohibit intellectual recreation on the Sunday. He instanced cases of working men who had risen into fame; and he mentioned a local hero.

And if I were to mention men of the present day who are following, at least so far as industry and energy goes, in the steps of those whom I have named, I believe I might allude to at least one individual, an inhabitant of this town—a man who long was, and I believe is, a member of this institution—a man who has obtained from the books of this institution the greater part of the knowledge which he at present possesses—I will not name him, because I believe his modesty is equal to his acquirements; but I may mention that he is now at the University, is expected to take a very high degree, and

will probably, in mathematical science, accomplish no inconsiderable reputation. The person to whom I allude—and many of you know him—was, I believe, a labourer, working upon small weekly wages, and at this moment he has a wife who is engaged in one of the factories in this town.

Sir Robert Peel made a hearty, masculine speech.

How, he would ask, was this institution keeping pace with the requirements of the age? Were they coining that true currency of progress which alone was really valuable? Were the working classes of this town, as they were at Sheffield and elsewhere, placing their institution upon a firm basis, rendering it as much as possible independent of extraneous aid and of lukewarm friends? Lectures and other subjects had been referred to. Now he understood they had a library, on the shelves of which were numerous entertaining works calculated to induce in their minds a taste for reading. He would urge every one to cultivate that taste; it was the most happy of all tastes. Fénelon used to say that if offered the riches of the Indies in place of his taste for reading, he would spurn them all. Observe what a taste for reading would do. It would not only place them out of the way of vicious habits and idle pursuits, but, with cheap literature and a free press, it at once placed, as it were, the cottage on the same level with the castle or the palace. He was sorry that there were not more of the operatives of Preston present on that occasion. He should have been glad to address a word or two to them; for he was told by his hospitable friend Mr. Hollins, that about two-thirds of the operatives were under the age of twenty—between sixteen and twenty; and Mr. Ashworth, he believed, stated the same thing. What a remarkable effect good example and industrious habits must have upon that class; and if they were neglected, what a wide field there must be for ignorance and intemperance. He was one of those who thought that one of the greatest obstacles to the diffusion of knowledge amongst the people had been our existing taxes upon knowledge. Sir Robert then alluded to the suggestion of the noble chairman, that some portion of the Sunday should be devoted to mental culture. He (Sir Robert) thought it would be absolutely impossible to introduce that system. He would have voted for the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays, but he felt that it would be very difficult to regulate the religious question, and therefore he would not introduce it. What he would recommend was, that the great employers of labour should devote six days in a year to holidays for their workmen—of course without any diminution of wages. That was no nonsensical plan, but one which had been adopted in the great Government offices, where certain days were set apart for the benefit of the clerks. Now he thoroughly approved of that plan, and though, as his noble friend had said, we might lose a million sterling a day by holidays, yet he thought we should gain infinitely more from the harmony and good feeling that would be created between employers and employed.

At Beverley "the Reformers" have been giving a dinner to their new member, the Hon. Arthur Gordon (son of Lord Aberdeen). He made a significant speech in reference to the war:—

There is no doubt—it is no use disinguing the fact—that our armies are in a delicate position, and one which should justify some amount of apprehension on our part; but notwithstanding that, I think it does not justify anything more. It is true they are largely outnumbered. They are opposed to a powerful and skilful enemy—the weather is opposed to them—sickness has thinned their ranks—the very nature of the ground on which they have to work is against them; but, notwithstanding that, British skill and valour will overcome all obstacles, whether they arise from an army superior in numbers to their own, or unseen, as sickness and disease. Moreover, though during the last few months we have received such intelligence from the Crimea, though their numbers were often disproportionate in the struggles in which the armies have been engaged, I know that shortly after these accounts left the Crimea large reinforcements must have arrived, and other reinforcements are on the way, and still larger are setting out. I know that from the very moment in which the Government commenced prosecuting the war, they have been alive to the necessity of keeping up the efficiency of the army. All were aware that they would be diminished, and that it was necessary to keep up their strength by reinforcements, and that has not been overlooked. I therefore have no apprehension whatever as to the result of the war; but, at the same time, the tidings which we receive might justify much anxiety, and I believe there is no person, whose attention is not now fixed upon the solid and war-beaten fortress of the Crimea, and who does not wait anxiously for the result of the present conflict. I think, gentlemen, that the events of the war during the past few months have fully justified, if anything was wanting to justify it, the policy of the Government in deferring war as long as possible, and in preserving peace, because I feel quite sure that this country, if it had had any thought that war could have been avoided, would not have patiently seen its treasures lavished and the lives of its sons sacrificed. And it is the conviction that every means was used to preserve peace that makes the nation now so unanimous in the support of that war.

The honourable gentleman, having then alluded to the gallantry of our soldiers before Sebastopol, went on to refer to the question of reform. He said: But I must not forget that I am speaking to a meeting of reformers. Though I think reforms will make their progress in the very nature of things, I am afraid that this war will not assist them; I am afraid we shall not make the progress we should have made had we been in a state of peace. I do not see how any extensive reforms, especially Parliamentary reforms, are to be carried, unless there is a very strong public feeling expressed in their favour out of Parliament. When everybody's attention is directed to the war, that great amount of public feeling is hardly likely to be expressed, and, therefore, I much fear that not so much will be done in reference to this subject as is desirable. But I think our duty as reformers is to take whatever is practicable. I, therefore, look with no ordinary satisfaction to the declaration which was made not long ago, publicly, by the First Minister of the Crown, on the occasion of receiving an address, when he said we would "fearlessly carry the hand of reform into every department of the State." I think that declaration of the First Minister of the Crown one of importance, and one which, knowing him as I do, I feel certain was no mere formal speech, but the deliberate conviction of an honest mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIEUTENANT PERRY has written an apparently satisfactory explanation to the Mayor of Windsor, requesting the withdrawal of the 1500L. He had been recommended by a friend in Paris, a banker, to take advantage of a good opportunity for investing in American railways. He has also requested the Mayor and his friends here to apply the remainder of the money as they may think best. The writer of the City article in the *Times* discredits Mr. Perry's statement. He thinks that there is no such railroad as that alleged to have been recommended by the Paris banker.

DR. JACOB AND CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Since the dismissal of Dr. Jacob, the Governors have held a meeting, and an attempt was made to add the insult of a vote of censure. An amendment however, was moved:—"That the thanks of the Court be given to Dr. Jacob for his excellent and well-timed sermon;" and carried by a large majority. A correspondent of the *Times*, "Verax," has been considering the question of the misappropriation of overgrown charities. Although decrying the medium of Dr. Jacob's charges, he rejoices that they have been made, and anticipates their being established. He also suggests that the disclosures made in the sermon should occupy the attention of the Charitable Trusts' Commissioners, who have power to settle all such disputes. An inspector should sit, and a *bond fide* investigation take place, with reporters present, and then the public would be enabled to judge. It would also bring to light the indolence of the commissioners, of whom nobody ever heard except on the Dulwich College Inquiry, of which, by the way, nothing came.

THE UNCOO GOOD.—Missionaries have persuaded the omnibus and cab drivers of Glasgow, that driving on Sundays is driving to _____. Consequently last Sunday walking was the order of the day for all but the pharisaical few who kept carriages. Very serious inconvenience was felt, but the immediate result was that very few people went to church.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, November 25.

(By Submarine and British Telegraph.)

ANOTHER BATTLE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

The following important despatch has been received by the *Times*. It was forwarded from Constantinople to Semlin by courier, and thence to Vienna by telegraph.

It is dated Constantinople, November 16:—

"On the 13th the Russians attacked the French lines, but were repulsed.

"The loss was great on both sides.

"The Russians have received further reinforcements.

"The Queen of the South has arrived with 1200 troops."

We have received the following despatch, dated last night, from our correspondent in Paris:—

"I am assured that two divisions of French troops are about to embark for the Danubian Principalities, in addition to those who are going to the Crimea."

Brussels, Friday.

An account, purporting to be of Russian origin, states that nothing extraordinary had taken place before Sebastopol to the 16th.

The fire of the allies was kept up.

Vienna, November 20.

Reports from Kischeneff state that after the battle of Inkerman the Imperial Princes Michael and Nicholas left the Crimea, and returned to the head-quarters of Prince Gortchakoff.

It is expected that the Czar will visit the army of the south, if not that of the Crimea.

To the expected invasion of Bessarabia the Russians, it is said, can oppose an effective army of 80,000.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—Dr. ARNOLD

CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

The impression is gaining ground that the House of Commons would have been of valuable assistance to the ministry in conducting the war; and we may look for an early demand on the part of the public that Parliament be re-assembled. In the meantime the country will have some limited opportunities of expressing its will in relation to the future of the war, and to the diplomatic position in which our Government consents to stand in regard to Austria. By death, from Russian bullets, and from the ordinary casualties of ordinary years, there are about half a dozen "seats" vacant; and the various bodies of electors now called upon to name their representatives in the national senate can select the occasion to offer useful suggestions to a Government, the great merit of which, as its partisans so frequently assure us, is that it is not above being taught its business. Perhaps public opinion is not to be gathered with any accuracy from what may occur in bribable places like Bedford, or in nominee counties like Fermanagh or Ayr. But it is quite possible, and very desirable, to attach popular conditions to the election for Marylebone. Let us hope that that borough will make some effort to elude the lucrative manœuvres of the St. Pancras vestrymen, who have, with unexampled impudence, handed over one of our popular constituencies to a Downing-street nominee. At least, if we are to have Sir Hamilton Seymour, whose only merit is that he knows the feelings of the Czar—a knowledge which he may use with the sinister felicity which characterised the last session effusions of that other ex-ambassador to St. Petersburg, Lord Clarendon—let it be a condition that on the hustings he shall be specific, and not diplomatic, in his declarations as to the conduct of the war. At present Liberals require no "pledges" but those that are martial: as to Reform Bill, and Ballot, and Taxes on Knowledge—these questions are being decided before Sebastopol and on the Danube. There is no cant, among the many cant of the moment, more affecting than that which is based on the assumption that foreign war arrests home civilisation. It has been in war that have arisen the glories which are the characteristics of England. English liberties are the results of war: English literature has become great in those times of war, when the human intellect is enlarged in comprehension and in sympathy:—even English commerce springs from wars.

In the public feeling in regard to the war, there seems at this moment some contradictory emotion. The nation is ardently warlike, and yet there is none of the historic rejoicing over the "great victories." But this may be accounted for. It is felt as a sin to glory in a struggle to which our army should never have been exposed; there is deep, desperate disgust with the men to whose lordly incapacity and high-bred imbecility England has trusted a contest the most momentous in which she has ever been engaged.

Errors are being repaired; that is to say the two Governments are doing now what they were told to do when the troops were being embarked for Varna. The Emperor of the French is sending an army to the Danube; and, simultaneously, a vast increase of force is being supplied to Lord Raglan for the work which he undertook with a grossly insufficient strength. In the glory which will cover the army and the nation, after the surrender, or burning and desertion of Sebastopol, many Ministerial errors will be forgotten and pardoned; and as we shall pass a winter talking of the exploits we intend for the spring, the Government is safe. But it will have to be remembered that it is not the army we sent to Varna which will conquer in the Crimea: it is the army which, during the last ten days, has been sailing from Toulon, Marseilles, and Portsmouth; also that the miscalculation of the French and English Governments about Sebastopol would, even in the end, be fatal to us, but that Menschikoff, cut off from the sea, cannot provide food for his troops.

The Russian soldiers who fought on that memorable Sunday, the 5th of November, were troops from Bessarabia and Moldavia. It is contended that these reinforcements could never have reached Menschikoff, but that the Austrians, occupying the Principalities, and "paralysing the Turks," set the Russian army free.

Such is the view now popularly taken; and it is with ominous effect that these words of Kosuth, uttered four months ago in Glasgow, are being reproduced. Referring to the Austrian occupation of the Principalities, he said:—

"Your Government calls that alliance, but I call it treason; and so will history call it. By this trick of Austrian perfidy, the Czar being relieved from danger in that quarter, his right wing secured, he can and will now detach such numbers of his army hence as he likes, and concentrate them thither where you choose to attack him. He is at home, you thousands of miles off. You shall be beaten. Remember my word. . . . To take a fortress, accessible by trenches, and having but a garrison to defend it, that is but a mere matter of art and of comparative sacrifices—it can be calculated to the hour; but to take an entrenched camp, linked by terrible fortresses, and an army for garrison in it, and new armies pouring upon your flank and rear, and you in the plains of the Crimea, with almost no cavalry to resist them,—that is such an undertaking, to succeed in which more forces are necessary than England and France can ever unite in that quarter for such an aim. And in that position is Sebastopol, thanks to your Austrian alliance, which, having interposed herself between you and your enemy in Wallachia, made the Czar free to send such numbers to Sebastopol as he likes. You will be beaten. Remember my word. Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Crimean air, as the Russians fell under Turkish bullets and Danubian fever. Not one out of five of your leaves, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again."

Now, to call this prophecy, appears to us to indicate confusion in the popular notion of the war. The Governments have blundered largely; but those who reproduce these words of Kosuth do not hit the point.

Austria came into the Principalities at the invitation of the Western Powers. The Western Powers wanted to go to the Crimea: Austria undertook to block out Russia: the

Western Powers did go to the Crimea: the Austrians did block out the Russians. Austria entered the Principalities as a neutral power, her position fully understood and fully acceded to by the other Governments; and she never said that she would attack Russia, while she did say that if Russia attacked her, she would depart from her neutrality. Now it is not disputed that Sebastopol was a proper point of attack: the Russians driven out of the Crimea would lose the Black Sea; and the question to be put is—would it have been better for the Allies to have left the Principalities to the Turks themselves? Would it have been wise to leave Austria on one flank, as a suspected enemy, and Russia on the other flank, of Omar Pasha's army? It is pleasing to believe in the soldiers of Turkey; but it is not practical. St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan did not believe in them; and when they sailed from Varna they never calculated on the Russians being driven completely out of Moldavia, either by the Austrians or by the Turks. Why has not Omar Pasha, with the army we have heard so much of, pursued the Russians, advanced to Ismail? Because Omar Pasha knew his army would fly like chaff in the field before such troops as were hurled at the English at Inkerman. The generals, then, sailed for the Crimea, with a full knowledge that the Russians would be able to concentrate their forces in the Crimea. The Governments knew all the chances. The blunder therefore is, simply, in sending to the Crimea a force too small for the work it had to do. Granted—and this is urged in defence of the blunder—that the error of miscalculation was one in which the whole nation participated. But is there no difference as to information between a Government and a mob? Such a vindication is ruinous to the pretensions of cabinet councils.

It is, however, a very different question, whether we ought not to have had one army on the Danube at the same time that we were sending another to the Crimea. In other words, whether the two divisions of French troops being sent for Christmas ought not to have been sent for Midsummer? That the two Governments should have forced Austria out of her neutrality—that is to say, should have forced Austria to join Russia—we entirely disbelieve. By-and-by, it may be good policy to insist on her taking sides. But, so far, we see, on the Austrian side of our diplomacy, no error. Our business is to conquer Russia, to save Constantinople; and precisely the reasons which justify the French alliance justify the Austrian alliance. Those liberal politicians who would have the war a war for human freedom, and would do the whole work at once, overlook the fact that we have to deal with Governments, aristocratic and despotic, and that it is only by gradual influences these Governments can be forced into shaping the war to the popular wishes.

We regard Louis Napoleon as responsible, in an equal degree with our Government, for the conduct, hitherto, of the war. The petty, clerical conception of the war is the conception of a council as much French as English. And we consequently apprehend that Louis Napoleon has this year effectually exploded his pretensions to genius.

WHERE TO GET REINFORCEMENTS.

There is no sign that Russia will give in, no sign that the German Powers will hurry themselves to assist us. We have not yet gone to the length of suspecting that our Government intends to surrender. France will probably stand with us so long as we have the means of obtaining present success. Meanwhile, the war eats up the human fuel with which we supply it; while more is demanded by our Government, and cheerfully given by the

people. Still the conflict must proceed. A further demand for the same kind of costly fuel will soon press upon us, and already the recruiting-officer is beginning to rake hard upon the primary rock of the people. He always begins with those who, as Voltaire says, have "nothing to get and nothing to lose," who are willing to have their coats bound with the coarse white worsted used in the army, and to be marched away "to glory." But when that first "scum" of the people is used up, it is necessary to dip into the very body of the nation, and that is what the recruiting-officer is at this moment actually doing. Young men who were induced to enter the militia, on the supposition that they would only be called upon to serve locally—in their own county, or at most to defend some neighbouring part of the United Kingdom—now find that the militia regiments are gradually being embodied, that is, converted into a force under the liabilities of the regular forces, except that it cannot be taken beyond the four seas. The private citizen, therefore, who thought that the militia bounty only rendered him liable for a few days' drill in the year, unless the Russians should actually come, now finds himself turned into a regular soldier, taken away from his home, and ordered to the most distant quarters of his own country. The recruiting-sergeant is further instructed by Mr. Sidney Herbert to visit these militia *dépôts*, and draw forth recruits for the regulars.

But if drafts be made from the militia at one hand, it will be necessary to make a new draft upon the people for the recruiting of the militia, unless we are to be left with reduced garrisons at home. We have already the elements of the progress that Government is making in this direction. The Allies landed at Eupatoria in the middle of September; two months of the actual war between the Allies and Russia have scarcely passed, before we have such a demand for reinforcements as requires a doubling of *our* army in that quarter. Now, supposing the increase were to proceed at that ratio, we should very soon be obliged to match the continental states in the magnitude of our forces. The winter, of course, will occasion a short relaxation in this increase; but with spring it will have a new impulse. The task of our Government at present is, to show that they are augmenting the forces fast enough and they will have to persevere in that augmentation as the field of their operations widens. Part of the fleet will winter at Kiel, and strongest impatience exists for action in that quarter; but we believe we are correct in saying that there cannot be any very important naval results, unless, as we cannot expect, the Russian fleet should come forth to be conquered, or unless our fleet should be reinforced by an army to act on shore. We shall want, therefore, an army of the Baltic to balance an army of the Crimea. If the German Governments should prove faithless, we then shall want an army of observation on the Rhine, and perhaps up the Rhine. To talk, therefore, simply of doubling, is to take the very lowest estimate of the increase that we already perceive to be necessary; whereas, every one of us knows that there must commence a new series of events in the spring, calling for new armies and new increase.

Some evidence of the strong sense which these necessities are forcing upon Ministers and ministerial people appears in more than one side. Our genial but moderate contemporary, the *Examiner*, is arguing stoutly for the enrolment of a Polish corps; a very proper auxiliary. But need we stop there? Is Austria a friend or foe? It is a question that can only be answered practically. If she is our friend where are her armies, to act on the Pruth, on the Tchernaya, on the Neva, and on the Rhine?

If she is a foe, why should we draw the line at Poles? Have we not also Hungarians and Italians, also Germans, whose numbers cannot be counted? Now, we repeat what we said last week, that if Ministers palter with the interests of the country, if they allow time for Austria to play the traitor, and are ultimately obliged to reinforce British armies with immense drafts of men at an enormous cost of taxes, they will lay imposts on the British people due only to the weakness of the Government and not to the necessities of the case. The auxiliaries of which we speak would be self-supporting; they would, with comparatively little assistance, as a sort of capital at starting, pay themselves—and pay themselves handsomely out of the chosen action.

Another proof of the necessity under which Government lies, is a signal infraction of the rule against granting commissions to non-commissioned officers. Within the last month there have been about a score of such commissions given to non-commissioned officers, for services in the East. It is an excellent example; but we ask whether there are only nineteen non-commissioned officers that deserve commissions? We also ask whether, in proportion, there are more private soldiers and non-commissioned officers than officers who have implored for retirement—who have come home on the plea of slight wounds, or who have, as one gentleman of the distinguished privileged and moneyed classes is said to have done—refused to enter the trenches? No! if a non-commissioned officer or private is wounded he is sent into the hospital for repairs, and returned to the field as soon as possible. If he refused to act he would be shot or flogged. The commencement of a better rule of promotion we are prepared to praise most heartily; but it is confessed that the existing rule is absolutely intolerable, and unless we are to regard the improvement as the first successful insertion of the point of the wedge, we can no more accept the gift of a score of commissions to the non-commissioned officers as an instalment than we could accept the point of the wedge in lieu of the entire instrument. We must have a distribution of commissions as the true bounty for drawing our enterprising youth into the ranks; we must have the subjugated nations of false allies permitted to be our auxiliaries beyond the four seas.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE BILL.

BEING a highly commercial people, we English may, perhaps, derive a new light on the subject of Continental obligations, if we take account of the money that we have invested in that line. A Parliamentary paper just issued by the Treasury, on the motion of Mr. Hume, gives an account of all money paid or advanced to any foreign state from 1793 to the close of 1853. The total is 64,215,000*l.*, of which about 620,000*l.* has been repaid. The Greek loan and the Russian-Dutch loan, together about 4,639,000*l.*, occurred since 1816. The rest, nearly 59,000,000*l.*, is due to the period of the old war and peace. Russia has had nearly 15,000,000*l.* of our money; Germany nearly 8,000,000*l.*; Prussia, 5,670,000*l.*; Bavaria, 500,000*l.*; Hesse Cassel, 1,271,107*l.*; Hesse Darmstadt, 263,000*l.* We make no account of the loans to Hanover or Brunswick, which were, to a certain extent, family matters. We set aside for the present the 4,200,000*l.* advanced to Austria. But here we have the sum of 15,000,000*l.* advanced to Russia, and the sum of more than 18,000,000*l.* advanced to "Germany"—under one name or other lent to our enemies or doubtful allies.

Of course we should not repeat this wonderful example of "a fool and his money," but can we have none of it back? Is it not a good opportunity for levying an execution upon

some of our debtors! Perhaps if we were to substitute some other clients in place of the Czar, they might be glad to repay us the money, with interest. We will answer for it that there are German princes in that storehouse of suspended royalties who could raise a few millions on their future revenues, if England would help them to thrones now held by defaulters. Sweden, who owes us nearly 5,000,000*l.* (4,845,571*l.*), should be reminded of that little bill; and it might not be amiss even to call a small sum of money to the memory of Austria, who wants it very badly just at present, and might perceive from that old memory how much cheaper it is for her to side with England, whose money she had fingered, than her false ally Russia, to whom she is every year paying cash on account of the Hungarian defence. If the subsidised states cannot make us some little reversion, we should say that they ought to give us a few territories; and just now, at the depreciated value which crowns and royal domains bear in the European market, we might really get a few states and fields worth having in different parts of Europe for our sixty millions at compound interest.

OBITUARY.

NAPOLEON, the prodigal of human life, said of Trafalgar: "The English claim it as a great victory. Bah!—I won Nelson: the balance is against them." The great man knew the value of his class. And thus, this week, balancing losses against won battles, the account is not all on one side. What with Russian cannon, and the diseases that search out those who live at home at ease, England has been grievously maimed of most precious lives these last ten days.

First count that grand proconsul, Cathecart, whose happy opportunity of death symmetrizes his splendid career; where even in this England, which teems with greatness, can we point out his successor? He was—in a possible event—to follow Raglan as generalissimo; who now is to follow Raglan? The question suggests the extent of the calamity.

In minor grades many will be missed; for though Sparta has as worthy sons, has she worthy? That gallant Tory, Colonel Blair—even the "Ministerial side" will see a gap there on the Opposition benches, where the eye was wont to stray for the handsome, honest, presence of the member for Ayrshire. Full and hearty were his cheers for Disraeli—his charivari of Cobden. But who remembers the partisan in the noble fellow who fell for England—for the Radicals as well as for the order he scorned the Radicals for assaulting? Where will the young Tories seek his successor to lead in the gay uproar of debate?

Sir Arthur Brooke has been struck down at home in his own house. Pleasant model of the patrician county member, his seat will be vacant too, with whatever promptness writs may issue or members may be returned. There is logic in the democratic tendency to make the House of Commons really representative of the people. But the young Sir Arthur Brookes are not responsible for the constitutional delusions in which they share, and from which they, too, suffer; and while the House of Commons is a club, the regret is natural for the clubbable men who, returning officers notwithstanding, are turned out by Death—"on petition." Sir Arthur, modest silent member, was a gentleman—and hon. gentlemen will lament him.

Lord Dudley Stuart—how we grieve that we so often made merry over his European sallies—was a gallant knight-errant of oppressed nationalities. And as a knight-errant is only a Don Quixote when he is an anachronism, so the solemn justification

of the career of the late high-minded member for Marylebone, is that he was needed—that the House of Commons would have been an imperfect assembly without him—and that he did good—good to the House, purified by being lifted from its vestry routine into the *haute politique* in which that ardent soul lived,—good to the country, which needed such a man, a born statesman as born lord, to carry it out of insularity,—and good to the causes of which he accepted the championship. He had his defects: those enthusiastic men, who are not of the world but of the *haute politique*, are "bores" sometimes to the multitude who only have time for vestry routine: and he was much laughed at. But never ill-naturedly; and not a man in England but grieves over the premature close of a generous, chivalric life—not a Pole but counts Poland's chances less than Lord Dudley is no more.

These are the heroes of the army and of politics. Humbler, and less conspicuous, but perhaps more valuable men, have gone too. Of Professor Edward Forbes, the brilliant and devoted student of science—who could make a review article on a pond of mollusca as thrilling and as crowded with character as a romance—we have elsewhere spoken; and even in a week noisy with the alarm of war, what workman in civilisation can overlook that death?

Lastly—with the modesty due from our craft—let us recount the death of a great journalist, Frederick Knight Hunt. There are no journals devoted to the annals of journalists: it is the only "class" without an "organ;" and thus a *Daily News* which gives space to mourning for a dead politician, thinks it decorous discretion to be briefly sorrowful about a man who yesterday was the *Daily News*. But no such restraint fetters a contemporary: and there should be among journalists no affection in ignoring the genuine importance of a personage who yields the influence of a powerful daily paper. The *Daily News* represented to Europe the views and feelings of a vast section of English middle-class liberalism; and in the truest sense, Knight Hunt was a leader of liberals. We differed from him; and deplored what we frequently denominated a mislead; but never with a doubt but that his keen, vigorous, and practical intellect was at work with thorough conscientiousness. But Frederick Knight Hunt—a leader in the press, but a follower elsewhere—was of less importance as a politician than as a "newspaper man." He was a perfect representative of his class in England: thorough master of his trade: heartily devoted to it; jealous of its honour; scrupulous for its privileges; and ardent for its exaltation. He was by no means a great writer, and he wrote anonymously; so that the "public," which hears little of its press leaders, will have forgotten him, and the notice of him, ere another week has passed. But in his profession he should be remembered for a distinction which he sustained over several years—he turned out daily the best journal for news that was to be found in Europe.

CHURCH CONFLICTS.

QUEEN ISABELLA the Second, of Spain, has a little recovered her popularity, by an act which will occasion some surprise in this Protestant country. Her most Catholic Majesty has lain under some suspicion that, in inaugurating the Constitution, she intended to defeat it. She professed to throw herself "into the arms of her people," but was supposed to do so with mental reservation, if not with an arrogant sarcasm. The reading of the written speech might not have done much to remove this bad impression; the emotion which she displayed in

reading it, although it touched the hearts of those that stood around, and won for her more cheers on departure than she had heard in her cold reception, might have signified anything or almost nothing. But when she went to the chapel of Our Lady of Atocha,—submitted her carriage to the priest that carried the Host and walked on foot,—visited a sick woman, and witnessed the administration of extreme unction, leaving a gift of money with the sufferer,—then the people believed that she was in earnest, and became more reconciled to their "constitutional Queen."

In this Protestant country we laugh at the meeting of prelates of the Roman Church in the capital of St. Peter to discuss the interpretation of doctrines respecting "the Immaculate Conception" or "the real presence;" we say that there is as much superstition as piety in the act that made Queen Isabella surrender her carriage to the priest and witness the anointing of the patient on her death-bed; but yet there are incidents in that ceremony which speak a profound truth. If it be true that there is a power greater than kings,—that in His sight the highest and the lowest are equal; if it be true that the deepest instincts of our nature,—the love of life, the tribulation of the flesh, and the hope hereafter,—are common to us all; and if it be true that it is good to testify to these common truths before each other for our mutual guidance and support, then perhaps there was more of truth than falsehood in the pageant ceremonial in which Queen Isabella took part. At all events, in this Protestant country we ought not to sneer too much at pageants or mockeries of religion. We have George Anthony Denison, an archdeacon or bishop's lieutenant, asserting doctrines generally considered inconsistent with those of the Church, rebelling against his bishops, and yet endeavouring to evade a decision at the hands of the law of the land by pleading forms in bar of his episcopal prosecutor! The bishop suspended him, and he carries the question of "real presence" into the Court of Queen's Bench. It is a new device for a martyr to seek a prohibition from the Queen's Bench or an injunction in Chancery—a process that might have been valuable to Latimer and Ridley, if they could have found the court to sustain them.

Not long since a fellow-bishop of Mr. Denison's prosecutor, the Bishop of London, delivered a charge to his clergy, in which he insisted on the duty of the parish to maintain its church. Imitating the retort of the patient to his physician, the parish might tell the church to sustain itself—to look after its own means and business. We have already mentioned the pamphlet on Voluntaryism, whose writer seizes the statistics of Mr. Horace Mann, and shows that all the increase in population, or in the numbers of attendants at divine worship, has been appropriated by the Dissenters; that in fact, although at present in a majority of actual attendants at divine worship, the Church of England is a fixed quantity, and the increase belongs altogether to the Dissenters. What matters it to keep up the body of the church, if the spirit is thus fled? To sustain the parish fabric while the light has thus shrunk, is to imitate in malice prepense that small monstrosity of nature, a shrunken and withered kernel rattling within a hollow shell. Where is the use of paying church rates to sustain an edifice whose Ministers cannot fill it? According to the very ground taken by the Bishop of London, the people may be compelled to subsidise the church, although they do not belong to it. What a confession, that the Church of England is one which relies upon the bailiff's broker, and would be repudiated by the people of England save for the enforcement of the law which the

bulk of the English people regard as nothing better than a relic of past slavery. Take Bishop Bloomfield's position at the best, and we find a practical admission that the Church of England is only the Church of the few, and that the people of England are without a church, only compelled to give tribute to a church which they do not use—do not pray in, and do not believe in.

To talk of the "Church of England," indeed, in the ordinary acceptation which those three words might bear, is a folly. There is no such thing as the "Church of England." There is a sect which affects to look down upon all others, because it has had in the main the appointing of all official people. But while great numbers of the three kingdoms stand aloof from this so-called Church of England, we see evidence of progressive severance. Major Powys, hon. sec. to the Central Association, &c., refuses to recognise Roman Catholics. Our fellow countrymen who make the sign of the cross have laboured as hard as any of the obscure and anonymous in the performance of their duties in the Crimea; but the self-constituted administrator of a charity finds that Protestants alone are deserving. Bishops are suggesting coercion to wring money for their church from a reluctant people, while the Dissenters, on the strength of Mr. Mann's statistics, are proving that it is they who possess the growing numbers of the people. The nation, therefore, scattered, unimpressed by reverence for the Church, is leaving that Church as nothing better than a privileged sect—"a corporation of soothsayers," whose most distinctive relation with the people consists in its being the only sect with a right of local taxation. It is not the Church of England, though it has wrongfully succeeded to the property of what was once the Church of England. It has no right to the parish church, because the Church of England could only be a church embracing the people of England. With the amplest opportunity, the so-called Church of England throws away its chance of becoming connected with the body of the people. If we desire to have a Church, we must adopt such an arrangement as will permit the Church of the minority to lay aside, at all events for purposes of practical compulsion, the distinctive rights of this corporation, break down exclusive antagonisms of creed, overlook minor details, and consent to be the Church of the people of England. Could we arrive at such a condition as that, we might, perchance, find less quarrelling amongst ourselves about the dry lumber or the "filthy lucre" of ecclesiastical establishments, and might learn a little more of that genuine feeling which makes the Spanish people reconciled to their Queen when she appeals to a divine truth through an idle ceremonial.

LUNATICS CRIMINAL AND MATRIMONIAL.

The Thornhill-Chichester-Ferrers case reminds us that there has been a commission overhauling many subjects of law which fell under the purview of the civil courts, but as yet we have had little more from it than a Blue Book or two. According to the judgment of the court, Miss Thornhill has been rescued from an improper marriage by the intervention of the Lord Chancellor; but why should Miss Thornhill enjoy that peculiar superintendence and favour, which is not given to other young ladies? Many an honest girl falls a victim to a reckless and selfish man, without the Lord Chancellor's interfering in the least degree, or so much as thinking about it. The reason is, that Miss Thornhill and other young ladies who are so favoured have property. There is not the same care for young ladies without a "consideration."

The practice originates in an old tyrannical claim by the Crown. After the Conquest, the

king claimed to be the lord of all lands; he also could exercise a right of seeing that every land was in such custody as to secure him a proper quota towards his army; and thus, when land fell into the hands of a female, the king arrogated to himself the right of seeing that she was furnished a proper husband—proper, that is, from the royal and military point of view. By degrees this duty was delegated to the Lord Chancellor, and it has now degenerated into nothing but a special solicitude on the part of the state for the protection of young ladies who possess property against adventurous suitors. It is very desirable to protect women against machinations of the kind, but in the United States they get at the same object by a way that is much more rational, and that extends the protection to all women whatsoever. The woman has a share in the proprietary right; and although we believe the husband can have some claim upon her property, as the wife has upon the husband's, she has a distinct title of her own to property coming to herself. This is a general law, and it is free from all the cumbersome, and sometimes cruel, interference that attends the privilege of the ward in Chancery.

Excellent as Lord St. Leonards' Bills respecting Lunacy are, they still leave something to be desired; for English reform would think itself culpable if it were to do its work effectually, and were so "extreme" as to be thorough-going. Besides wards in Chancery, there is an unhappy set of persons who undergo the protection of the law; they are the Criminal Lunatics, who may be divided into two classes—those who become insane during the period of their penal servitude, and those who are either found to have been insane at the time of the offence, or who become so immediately afterwards. There is no difficulty in dealing with the former; they are committed to some public asylum, by the Secretary of State's warrant, *until cured*, and when cured, they are sent back to the place whence they came. With the other and larger class of lunatic offenders, the case is different.

We learn that the number of persons who are annually found insane on arraignment, or acquitted on the plea of insanity is somewhere about thirty. No doubt can be felt that the state should have a care of them. The lunatic afflicted with a homicidal mania must not be allowed to go at large; though not morally amenable to the laws, nor capable of responsibility for their acts, the safety of the community requires that these thirty persons should be placed under proper restraint, and, if possible, cured. But, in thus providing, the existing law commits a great wrong. The effect is to place these unhappy people in a far worse position than if they had been found guilty of crimes while in a sane and accountable state.

The law made and provided in these cases enacts that, "If a jury acquit a person on account of insanity, or a person indicted for any offence be found upon arraignment insane, the Court, before whom such trial shall be had, shall order such person in strict custody, in such place and in such manner as to the Court shall seem fit until her Majesty's pleasure be known." Hereupon a royal warrant issues, committing the prisoners to safe custody until her Majesty's pleasure be declared. Strange to relate, however, the royal pleasure is *never* declared in these cases. Every year somewhere about thirty persons are thus left in gaols and county asylums, forgotten and neglected, awaiting in vain a declaration of the royal pleasure. They are never released but by death. Their case is not improved by being cast indiscriminately amongst the most depraved felons of the gaols, or the worst cases of insane criminality in the asylums. So that after repeatedly declaring that such persons are not really criminals—after

reporting the fact in Blue Books, and reiterating the truth for nearly forty years, Parliament still leaves the unhappy beings under treatment reserved for the vilest class in the country!

THE LADY FERRERS CASE.

STRANGE is the tendency of the Ferrers family to heroism in *causes célèbres*. Tyburn is lost in Tyburnis : and possibly even a footman in the Ferrers family, of course resident in that region, could not now guide the children or the lapdogs to the spot over which dangled the celebrated silken rope to which an "eminent novelist" has hung a tale. Besides, hanging has gone out with that fashion in deference to which a Lord Ferrers or a Lord Mohun made for manslaughter, as a pastime. Your great personage submits, now-a-days, to the mediocrity of an age shaken by French revolutions into some hypocrisy: and we, thus, see a Lady Ferrers humbly seeking a distinction by steering for Newgate. She has been saved by a Lord Chancellor, who, it may be, apprehended the intercessions to which a French official of his caste was exposed when the young Count killed the jeweller—that was when France was as aristocratic as England now is; and the tipstaffs of the Court of Chancery, their democratic fingers tickling, perhaps, to clutch at the cloak of a Countess, have been kept off by a Judge whose parvenu feelings were touched, and whose bowels of compassion—for a Countess—seem proportionate to the amount of hair in his wig—a wig which the Constitution requires should be copious, because it has to cover, or to hide, not only his own conscience, but the conscience of his sovereign. Think of a Countess being in Newgate! And what if Newgate, in its capacity as connected with the offended Court of Chancery, should partake of the retentiveness of that Aula, and keep a prisoner as long as the court reserves a cause! That is a consideration which, during this week, must have been perplexing the confined mind of that distinguished Irish clerk of the peace (an absentee clerk of the peace)—no doubt a rule of such officers—which accounts for the disturbed state of Ireland—or which, otherwise, may be explained on the ground that there is no peace for the clerks to look after), the Hon. Mr. Chichester.

The story of "Thornhill and Thornhill"—which we elsewhere relate with scrupulous elaborateness—bears its own moral, and sufficiently stigmatises the contemptible characters of the brother and sister engaged in the aristocratic pursuit of burglary—we do not mean entering a house for plate, but for heiresses. But the general moral of the matter, as illustrating the manners of the time, is not quite so obvious, and is worth some attention. This moral is not at all affected by any sort of answer to the question inevitably raised by the report of the case as to whether the young lady, who is the heroine, is quite so angelic as the venerable Lord Chancellor, on her assurance, assured the court she was. Very likely the lady was amusing herself with her amorous clerk of the peace, and enjoyed the chase to which—a very knowing deer—she subjected herself. If not an *ingénue*, more shame to Lady Ferrers, for this would make her ladyship guilty, not only of improprieties, but of stupidities.

The English public is aware of the weaknesses of our male aristocracy. Because our male aristocracy is fighting well in the Crimea—at which the aristocratic press crows, as though they had expected our male aristocracy to run away, and as though the highly-fed fine fellows, being English, could be less brave than privates Brown, Robinson, and Jones—we are asked, in a manner assuming that there cannot by possibility be any answer, to overlook those

weaknesses. That, however, would be illogical; and, for present purposes, a statement of such weaknesses will be interesting. Our male aristocracy pretends to a right to have complete governmental domination in these islands; and though, in theory, that right is somewhat lazily denied by these islands, yet, practically, the male aristocracy manages to get most of its own way. It crushes the Crown; it monopolises the upper House; and has two-thirds of the Lower House of Legislature—the two-thirds sufficing for a working majority, while the other estates are secured, and while the Cabinet excludes all but peers, or the tools of peers. It has the Church for its younger sons; the colonies, so far as ready-made fortunes in the shape of good situations are concerned, ditto; and in the army, as we see in a case turning up this week, it obtains, if not all the commissions, at least all the commissions "without purchase"—and which lead to anything. The tid-bits of British life are its own; only the crumbs of the constitutional feast reach the aspiring members of the classes who, though "well-clothed" and horribly stupid, are *not* "well-born." These advantages it obtains by considerable political wrong: by rendering our Parliament a delusion—rendering our Parliament a delusion, among other means, by bribing and corrupting our picked electors. A Stonor case—a Stafford case—a Keogh case—a Lawley case—these cases, familiar in the short memory of the careless public, explain the system.

Yet we have heard of palliations. When, during the era of the Derby Ministry and the elective committee inquiries of 1853, all England was holding its patriotic nose, offended by the stench of universal political corruption, we were referred to consolations; for practical men, your "man of the world, sir," told us that all such things signified as nothing—that where everything was understood nobody was deceived—that though all were thieves, yet that enough was gained if there were the honour which prevails among depredators—and that, in fine, there was something compensating for the atrocities of public life—there was the exquisiteness of the purity of private life.

Alas, now, if the ladies should be like the lords! Can it be that as Britannia is to the Earl, so is Miss Thornhill to the Countess? That as Mr. Chichester is clerk of the peace absentee, so is Miss Chichester, protectrix of middle-class heiresses, a Cardenite in smooth disguise? We, conscientious though democratic, have always contended that the dire instances of aristocratic profligacy were exceptional, not systematic, class cases. But we admit to being startled by the Ferrers case, because it is so quiet a case—so unostentatious a case—the letters of Lady Ferrers being remarkably "lady-like" in their quiet, unaffected, pursuit of what struck her as an everyday object—swindling a rich young girl into marrying a worthless brother, who, if in no other respect an unfit match, could not seek an heiress honourably because he was, as he would say—and no doubt with an accent worthy of his birth, if not of his fortune—"crible de dettes." The question, then, is—Can it be that the easy impudence of Lady Ferrers is up to the standard of worldly morality recognised in her class?

Victoria, by the grace of God, and goodwill of her people, Sovereign of these realms, we consent to have plundered by the Lords—that is constitutional; but let the middle-classes look to their Miss Thornhills! After all, the most Macauley of our aristocracy may be the ladies. It would be a consolation for the democracy to have the one punished by the other; and the fact might illustrate the historic theory—that where there is not public virtue there must be private vice.

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON

BABEL.

(From a various Correspondence.)

—THE case of omnibuses would seem to show that no man knows his own business; just reversing the ordinary maxim. The omnibuses in the metropolis are continually changing their fares, and they find themselves in this predicament—that if their fares are low, the expense of working exceeds the profit; if their fares are high, they have the same result, because they run without passengers, or have too few. In any case the Chancellor of the Exchequer exacts the running tax whenever they leave the yard, whether they have passengers or not; and now they go to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking him to remove the incubus from their carriages. The omnibuses are steadily falling in number, because the Chancellor of the Exchequer has placed such heavy imposts upon them; so that, to get a revenue, he not only imposes a tax which prevents the thing taxed, but by the self-same process stops the income from the omnibus proprietors which might otherwise exist for the benefit of the income-tax collector! Without the tax the proprietors aver that they could run at the rate of a penny a mile. That, we believe, would be the true rate for London, and probably for all great towns. But then the public want some simple index of the mile for the penny; and here is a thing in which the authorities could probably help the proprietors and public too. Why not have the whole metropolis mapped out into square miles; let every omnibus, then, pay tax upon the number of miles run; and let the passenger pay a penny for every boundary passed. We believe this would really yield the largest revenue both to proprietor and Chancellor; and the homely public would, in that form, constantly find that the ride in the omnibus saves shoe-leather!

In Glasgow, however, the omnibus has played the most curious of its vagaries. In order to promote the piety of that commercial capital the omnibus and cab proprietors have ceased running on the Sabbath-day; the principal effect of which is to prevent infirm people from going to church. The fact is, nature has not destined man to arrest all his movements on the seventh day in the week, though the omnibus proprietors seem to think that nature and the God of nature ought to have adopted that regulation. The cab and omnibus proprietors have thought to improve upon the Divine government of the universe; but, as usual, when man attempts that presumptuous correction, the improvement is deterioration. The stoppage of a disturbance proves to be the stoppage of a pious duty.

It turns out, however, that the omnibus proprietors who had been running their carriages on the seventh day, had turned their piety to a very peculiar purpose: although running their omnibus for seven days, and taking the profits for the seventh day, they only paid their servants wages for six days. Profits, it appears, are under some divine blessing; but payment of wages would be accursed. This is quite the one-sided view of piety which suits our commercial age, and it has been presented to the pious public of Glasgow in so striking a form, that they will perhaps be driven to some penetrating consideration of the whole subject.

—Two months ago the public would have said that if a good round sum of money was to be collected, Major Powys was the man to do it. He got up the Central Association on behalf of wives and families as well as widows and orphans; advertised liberally, talked generously, and collected 80,000. or 90,000. He has since averred that his charity for wives and families, as well as for widows and orphans, is limited to those cautious females who have only the most regular husbands, and also regimental recognition. Further, the major will recognise no Roman Catholic intermediary between the Central Association and any wife or widow. "No Roman Catholic priest need apply" he posts at the door of his charity. Flocks of subscribers are shocked at the formal and sectarian distinctions drawn in administering their bounty. At almost every meeting of subscribers to the Patriotic Fund questions are put to draw forth the declaration that the official fund has no connexion with Major Powys. If there were

a new fund to be collected, Major Powys would be exactly the man to prevent it.

— At a late meeting held for the purpose of supporting the present array of editorial talent engaged upon the *Morning Advertiser*, a gentleman named Homer made a speech to prove that that liberal organ has distanced all competitors. "Where (said Homer) is the *Rambler*, whose pages were filled with the contributions of Addison (!), Steele (!!), Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith?" Where, indeed, is that wonderful *Rambler*? We should like to see it. Yet this gentleman also presumed to explain what, in his opinion, were the qualifications necessary to make a good editor of a paper.

— Mr. Perry calls his draft upon the treasurer to the Defence and Testimonial Fund an unintentional act of courtesy; surely it merits a harsher term. In the first place, the list was not closed, and no transfer of the money had been made to him: to deal with the money, therefore, in anticipation was like paving a testimonial snuff-box before the ceremony of presentation. Besides this, it turns out that the story about the profitable investment is, to use a mild expression, doubtful; there being no such railway in existence. Again, we suggest that this money should go to the Patriotic Fund.

— Lord Palmerston has directed the prosecution of a Manchester bill-sticker, for posting a placard containing extracts from the war correspondence, tending to excite disgust at the war. What will his lordship do with the author of the following passage from the despatches of the *Morning Herald*?—"As I picked my way back among the dead and dying, turning aside to let the stretchers with their moaning burdens pass, I could not help thinking—oh, you English people, who are so clamorous for war and bloodshed, come and survey this scene, and you will exclaim with all who have—*Peace! let there be peace at my price!*"

— The Guildhall Hop was a disgusting farce! not because it was a dance of death, but because of the thorough vulgarity of the whole affair. The music an hour-and-a-half late; and fancy those queer city girls, and their queer men, at dancing!

— It is rather annoying to the new payers of Income-tax, the young men—gentlemen—that their money is applied without any reference to any wishes that they have the opportunity of expressing. The notion amongst that class is that it has been wasted, or rather misappropriated, and that it would have been better expended on the military service than on the naval, which has played a less prominent part. They, however, are far more annoyed at being socially exempted from sharing the glory which they purchase for others. Had the produce of the tax levied been applied to the raising of a regiment, or regiments, of gentlemen, every private soldier of which would even absolutely have gained caste, a large body of men would have been made happy, and their country would have had, at comparatively trifling cost, any number of the most valuable volunteers—who fight with a conviction of the sanctity of their cause.

— Have you heard of the "bolt" of Lord —, at Inkermann? A shell fell near him; he ran, to the amazement of his men, exclaiming, "D—d nonsense waiting to be hit!" So it was; but the uneducated masses cannot understand the Charles Lamb disqualifications for the army—"short-sighted and a coward." My notion is that the wise men should, as usual, make away from the East as fast as possible!

— Menschikoff, whose random wit has a reputation in Russia, apologises characteristically enough for the comparative veracity of his later despatches:—"I had a dream last night: I stood at the gates of Paradise; within the gates was St. Peter dangling his keys. While I was waiting to take my turn, there came up three hundred British soldiers who begged admittance, as they had died at Alma fighting for their country. St. Peter referred to Lord Raglan's despatches, and finding the soldiers tale to be true, let them in. Next came three hundred French soldiers, who also begged admittance, as they had died at Alma fighting for France and their Emperor. St. Peter turned over the file of the *Moscow* and passed the Frenchmen through the gates. Next came up a thousand Russian soldiers, who begged admission into Paradise, for that they had died in the Dobrudscha, fighting for the Czar, under Prince Gortschakoff, against the infidel troops of Omar Pasha. But St. Peter shook his head as he held up the *Invalide Russ*, containing the despatches of Prince Gortschakoff, in which the loss of the Russians was described as insignificant. 'Go,' said St. Peter, 'I have admitted the British soldiers, for I find their names in Lord Raglan's despatches. I have admitted the French, for I find their names in the *Moscow*; but Prince Gortschakoff says nothing of your death.' You are impostors, and can have no place in Paradise? And so I saw these poor Russian soldiers wander away outcast and forlorn, and it seemed to me that they were doomed to wander for ever. When I awoke, I resolved to endeavour to conciliate my duty to the Emperor with my desire to gain admittance for our soldiers into Paradise."

THE SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY: IN WHAT DOES IT DIFFER FROM OTHER WORKING CLASS SCHEMES?

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—I am not sure that your brief notice of the Safety Life Insurance Office Company will be enough to make your working-class readers understand the things that distinguish it from the two classes of enterprise to both of which it belongs. It is an insurance office, competing with others for public favour: in what does it differ from them? It is a project to benefit the working-class, emulating others that have preceded it for working men's trust: in what does it differ from them?

We have had plenty of schemes to benefit the working-classes materially and economically, all based on some "principle," sound enough in itself, but regardless of circumstances—that mixed soil in which the seed of principle can alone take root to produce the fruit deed. We have had land societies, co-operative labour exchanges, working-class joint-stock insurance offices, savings banks; and what has become of them? That they have done good I am not either silly or wicked enough to deny: they have been great experiments, strong practical proof that the interests of the most numerous class must and should be attended to; but they have not been experiments ending in final success. Land societies could not get enough of that valuable commodity, land, to return even the puny investments of the majority of investors; nor capital nor markets even to put the representative allottees or blessed elect in circumstances of prosperity to rejoice the working-man's heart by deputy. Co-operative labour exchanges failed for want of profits to insure the zeal or attention of philanthropic adventurers—perhaps failed to enable them to go on; and could not compete with shopman or employer in regularity of goods supply, or sufficiency of return for labour. Savings banks have been a wretched abortion. They only admitted a dead saving, with a very trifling and arbitrarily limited kind of profit on that saving of invested capital: to render them "safe," the amount deposited was excessively limited, and was clogged with impediments on withdrawal totally unlike any proper "banking" security: yet, although the Chancellor of the Exchequer used the money, the guarantee of the state was refused; and the officers of a paltry irregular excrescence on the banking system were too often adventurers speculating on embezzlement or robbery as the complement of bad salary. Used by a mongrel herd which represented no class, the savings banks are a working-class failure.

Life Assurances should have done better—and accordingly it is in this class of enterprise that we find some progress. Intelligent people soon discovered that the working classes cannot make their deposits in pounds sterling, quarterly or half yearly, and that the entire plan of premiums must be altered, while the objects of insurance must in some degree be modified; but there was still a want. The commercial basis had to originate with commercial men—the conduct had to be entrusted to experienced men—the moral guarantee to be given by men of known probity and weight—the material guarantee by men of money. In short, you wanted an Insurance Office designed from the working class point of view, and constructed within the commercial class.

We have all these things in the "Safety"—with its payment of the premium by weekly instalments—it's ample and stubborn guarantee fund, its really remarkable list of officers, directors, and trustees. That list includes men who like Cobden, Walmsley, and John Biggs, have made their own fortunes, while their position distinguishes them from the common run of mere trading fortunemakers; they are real fortunemakers; they are also statesmen. The working classes might still ask for proof that their interests would be felt at heart; and so wide have the more educated classes permitted the class severance to become, that thousands of the working men would hold back from a scheme, however beneficial to themselves, if designed only for a middleclass profit. But thousands will answer me that Sir Joshua Walmsley has not only risen above profit-seeking pursuits, and is intent on political objects of the higher order, but is a right hearty Englishman—and the whole working class know that their welfare occupies the head and heart of Lord Goderich.

So much for the moral and intellectual guarantees. The material guarantee lies, first, in the ample means which the officers, directors, and trustees command; secondly, in the untouched state of the fund to keep the office out of debt; and thirdly, in the resolve not to compete with other offices in low premiums, but to make the deposits ample in amount for securing, not "virtual" but absolute safety—dead certainty of solvency. The difficulty with the working-classes would not be to pay the sufficient price for absolute safety: many a loss has taught them its value; and they can afford loss less than any other class. Their difficulty is to pay it all at once; and that is met by the plan of weekly payments. To them, however, will, after all safety and solvency are thus secured, come back two-thirds of the profits. The object of its founders is not money profit for themselves: they only insist on the absolute solvency of the concern for its own sake; and then the profits, clear of all expenses whatsoever, may drift back to those whose payments go to fill its treasury. The institution cannot become insolvent; the deposits of the thrifty will be safer from loss or diminution, than if they were locked up in savings banks or Consols; yet profits they assuredly will yield, and those will come, after expenses are paid, to the depositors. And insurance is, of all others, the form of saving which secures the largest objects a given amount laid by.

Of course it is not pretended that only "working-men," in the ordinary sense, will see the benefits of this new savings-insurance office: all thrifty men will recognise the want supplied. The savings of the shopman and the small shopkeeper will lie as snugly and fruitfully here as those of the working-man. The young shopman, looking forward to advance himself in places of trust, will be able to refer to the policy he holds as a proof of thrift—a proof of "substance" to make him "responsible," of intelligence to make him trustworthy. If he wants to go into business, here is a collateral security to those that aid him. The established shopkeeper, whose increase of business is a continual going into new business, will have the same collateral security for his creditors enlarging their credit. Or if a man meet a reverse, here is a recourse for temporary aid on security.

The value of insurance as a provision for the depositor's own later years will be recognised by all classes; but this is so important a section that it ought to be treated by itself. T. H.

THE MARRIAGE LAW.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—I wish to call your attention to certain anomalies and absurdities which are to be found in the law of marriage as it now exists in this country.

I shall merely state facts as I have found them, and then leave the reader to sigh or smile over them according to his humour.

1. The law says that, when parties are to be married by license, the person obtaining such license from the surrogate shall make oath that one of the said parties has resided during the fifteen days immediately preceding in the parish in which the marriage is to be solemnized; and also upon oath to state whether either of the parties is under the age of twenty-one, and, if so, whether the consent of the parents or guardians has been given.

These are the requirements of the law, and yet, strange to say, if none of them are complied with, but all broken, the unlawful marriage is just as lawful as the lawful one. Thus parties may slope to another parish, a license be obtained from a winking surrogate—the common characteristic of the tribe—perjury be perpetrated and connived at, and a minor or an idiot be trepanned into an unfit marriage, and yet the illegality, *de jure*, is transmuted by some unknown process into legality *de facto*. "The king is dead—long live the king." The law is broken—fulfilled by the law.

2. It is the same in the case of marriage by banns, with this difference, that a statement is taken instead of an oath. The law requires that the parties should be residents in the parish or parishes in which the banns are published. But, nevertheless, if parties can manage it through a friend or a convenient parish clerk, and have the banns declared in some distant parish in which they never set foot until the day of marriage, still although the law is broken, the marriage is lawful, at once valid and invalid, legal and illegal, by some comprehensive and mysterious fiction which I do not pretend either to explain or comprehend.

Ought the law to be left in such an unsatisfactory state? Make it more stringent or more lax—I care not which—but make it either one or the other. As it now stands, it not only tolerates perjury and deception, but it encourages by rewarding them. Should these things be? Should they continue? What say the bishops? Will they "make no sign?" Which will undertake the work of amendment? Which?

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

The Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman—a little while ago, and these names were unknown to us; and now how familiar they seem to our lips! So does the action of men streaming forth, year after year, in new geographical directions, consecrate and enrich new places with splendid associations; so does war purvey for Phantasy and Literature. "The history of mankind," said the present Emperor of the French, "is in the history of armies;" and it is in the spirit of this remark that writers among ourselves have represented the history of the world as involved in the list of some fifteen of its "decisive battles." A remark apparently the opposite of this is that made by philosophers, that the true central thread of the world's history is the history of its speculative activity, so that the true course of humanity, from first to last, is to be gathered best from the series of its successively evolved doctrines on subjects of high speculative interest. But the remarks are not contradictory. On the one hand, wherever the physical force of the world is concentrated, wherever armies are fronting each other in mortal combat, *there* certainly the soul of the world is at work; *there* is some knot, the resolution of which is a necessary part of the historic evolution. On the other hand, the physical force of the world goes forth precisely as speculation sways it; and there never was a great battle yet that was not the trial and triumph of some tendency or doctrine. Extend this, and it follows that war will be made to cease, not by preaching peace, but by establishing the conditions of peace; and that there will always be wars while there is intellectual anarchy. In the present war two faiths, as well as two aggregations of military force, are grappling with each other—on the one side, *Czarism*, the doctrine of the supremacy of one man over the will and education of millions; on the other side, that doctrine of *political and individual freedom* at which the West has reluctantly arrived. What function in connexion with this contest the events now going on the Crimea may be performing, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, we do see that wherever the car of Bellona advances, there the Muses follow, hovering fondly over; and that action, only action, inspires History and Song. Are not the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, already names of heroic sound? and, though three thousand miles of sea and land intervene, is not the soul of Great Britain at this moment abroad in the winds that sweep over the face of the Crimea?

Not a few of our military and naval officers now engaged in the East have come before the world as authors. Whether Lord RAGLAN has ever perpetrated a book we do not know; but very probably he could write a book if he liked. Poor Captain NOLAN, who died in a cavalry charge, was already known as the author of an original book on the capabilities of Cavalry. If Sir EDMUND LYONS is not an author, he has been a diplomatist, and he has very strong theories on the subject of Russia and her intentions, in the eager service of which theories it is, and not merely as a bluff sailor obeying orders, that he drives his "Brougham" into the teeth of Russian batteries. So also, and even more ostensibly, with Sir DE LACY EVANS. His head as well as his body is in the fight. It is twenty-six years since Sir DE LACY EVANS, then only a Colonel, wrote an Essay, entitled *The Designs of Russia*. That was the time (1828) when Russia was engaged in her previous war with Turkey, the result of which was to procure for her that increase of her power in the East which makes her now so formidable. Colonel EVANS's views were then so far ahead of those of the dominant politicians that he was ranked among the alarmists led astray by a foolish Russophobia. His pamphlet, however, was valued by those who saw reason to think with him; and so late as 1835 a Reviewer in one of the *Quarterlies*, referring retrospectively to the pamphlet, used these words:—

Colonel Evans, in this powerful effort to rouse the attention of his countrymen, has placed before them a collection of facts and a series of deductions, so strikingly illustrative of the designs of Russia, of the nature of her political objects, so long, so indefatigably, so unwaveringly pursued—of the crafty and unprincipled policy by which she has sought to attain them—and of the consequences that must result to Great Britain and all civilised Europe, should her schemes be successful; and has brought to bear upon the subject such a mass of information, detailed and digested with so much clearness and ability, that nothing but that judicial blindness which seems to seal the mental eyes of men in this country to all remote, and peculiarly to Oriental, interests, can account for the fact that his views have not made their due impression on the public mind.

This may stand as a friendly indication of the main drift of the Essay; and here is a further reference to one portion of it:—

He (Colonel Evans) contends that not only are France and England, from their geographical situation, as well as from their moral and political condition, the powers that should place themselves in the van for the protection of civilisation against barbarism, but that they are of themselves capable of doing it effectually; that, if in earnest, they can move the whole Continent to effect this object; that, if the effort be made now (1828-35), it will be successful; but that delay will give to Russia so monstrous an accession of power, particularly naval, from the exclusive possession of the Black Sea and that of Marmora, with the two straits that command them, that the inevitable contest will then become inexpressibly onerous, if not vain.

It is curious to think that now, after six-and-twenty years, during which the gallant general has carried this fixed idea of Russian preponderance in

his head, he is called upon to fight in the strength of it. Whether Sir DE LACY's brave comrade, Sir GEORGE BROWN, whose noble grey head and calm features the *Times*' correspondent admired as he helped to carry him wounded off the field at Inkerman, has also been fighting in the faith of any such fixed personal idea, or solely from the usual sense of soldierly duty to his country, we have no means of knowing. Of poor Sir GEORGE CATHCART, however, whose death all the country is now lamenting, we know something more precise. Theories such as those of Sir EDMUND LYONS and Sir DE LACY EVANS respecting the political relations and designs of Russia, he does not seem to have had; but he had theories respecting war and respecting the military qualities of the Russians. In 1850, a little time before his appointment to the Cape, and while yet only Colonel CATHCART, he published a work entitled *Commentaries on the War in Russia and Germany in 1812 and 1813*. This work consisted of a series of military notes and reflections from the author's recollections of his service in the Russian army at the period in question. Yes, in the *Russian* army; for, at the time of NAPOLEON's invasion of Russia, Lord CATHCART, the author's father, was British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and when Lord CATHCART accompanied the Emperor ALEXANDER in the German campaign which followed, he took his son, then in his nineteenth year, and a lieutenant in the 6th Dragoon Guards, along with him as his aide-de-camp. Thus "he had," as he himself says, "the good fortune to see eight general actions lost and won in which NAPOLEON commanded in person." His *Commentaries* are chiefly mere records of these transactions, adapted for military reading; they contain, however, some points of general interest. Here, for example, is a passage, as untechnical as any we have met with, on the science of strategy:—

The author is anxious to invite the attention of the reader to the first principles of strategy, which, like the elements of all sciences, are, when duly recognised, clear and self-evident truths. In point of theory, the admirable work of the Archduke Charles, or, for practical illustration, the base of Torres Vedras covering Lisbon, and the glorious achievements which emanated invariably from it, will be consulted and considered with advantage by those who desire a thorough knowledge of this science; but, for the present purpose, it will suffice to point out that the elements may be reduced to the three following postulates:—1. A base of operations, being that locality from which the supplies of the army are to be furnished. 2. The objective, being an object or goal, the attainment of which must render the campaign decisive, and to which, therefore, all movements must have reference. 3. The line of operations, being the most favourable route or communication leading from the base to the decisive point or objective. It follows, of course, that the base of the defending army must either be the decisive point itself that is menaced by the opposite party, or some other point covering it, and that the line of operations must be common to both. Bearing these principles in mind, it will be found in the history of modern warfare, conducted by regular armies on both sides, that in every instance where they have been lost sight of, or departed from (and there are many), victory has led to no good result, and retreat has proved an irretrievable disaster. Whereas, where they have been duly attended to, each success has become a point gained in the progress of the campaign; and though partial failures may have retarded operations, and even occasioned retreats, yet such failures have not proved decisive.

The following appreciation of the fighting powers of the different Continental nations possesses singular interest:—

The French, proverbially a brave and excitable people, are brilliant and formidable in an attack. If repulsed, a revulsion equally violent usually takes place, and would often prove fatal if it were not for the precaution of placing reserves. When these are not wanting, they are capable of being easily rallied, and their lively spirit is soon restored. The Russians are less excitable; but, nevertheless, in an attack are not to be surpassed in bravery and perseverance by the troops of any European nation, with this advantage, that they appear to be incapable of panic, and though they may be repulsed and defeated, they cannot be forced to run in confusion from the field of battle. The Prussian armies engaged in these campaigns were for the most part very young soldiers; a spirit of enthusiasm pervaded their ranks, which rendered them capable of the most brilliant achievements. In cases of defeat, the effects of momentary hurry and confusion, to which all young troops are liable, were less violent with them than with the French; but though easily rallied, and their patriotic enthusiasm soon restored, they could not rival the Russian stoicism in adversity. * * * The Austrians, properly so called, were highly disciplined and brave; but the infantry of that race appeared deficient in energy when compared with the French or Prussians, and their physical powers could not be compared with those of the sturdy Busian soldiery. The Bohemians appeared to be somewhat more healthy and robust, but did not materially differ in point of national character from their Austrian brethren in arms. The Hungarian infantry were decidedly superior to both, in point of energy and physical power, and the select corps of grenadiers furnished by that nation were equal, if not superior, to any in the field.

General CATHCART, then, was not one of those who entered on this war with a low idea of the soldiers he was to fight against. Next to the British, he seems to have thought the Russians, on the whole, the best soldiers in Europe; and he died, gashed and dealing death around him, in the midst of a storm of these Russians.

Three deaths out of the military world have to be recorded this week—that of Lord DUDLEY STUART; that of Mr. FREDERICK KNIGHT HUNT, editor of the *Daily News*, and author of *A History of the Newspaper Press in Britain*; and that of Professor EDWARD FORBES, the naturalist. Of Lord DUDLEY STUART and what he was, it is for the political chronicler to speak. The death of Mr. KNIGHT HUNT is chiefly remarkable as showing with how little public rumour a man holding in this country the position of editor of a first-class metropolitan journal may go to his grave. In France, journalists have public funerals; but here was a hard-working man, who night after night sat up, superintending the business of a daily journal, yet whom, as he walked along neighbouring Fleet-street, not one in twenty thousand recognised, and who, dying at the age of forty-one leaves almost no mark and no memory, save within a narrow professional

circle. Far wider and deeper is the sensation produced by the death of Professor EDWARD FORBES, a prince among the naturalists of Europe.

Born in 1813, in the Isle of Man, of Scottish parentage, EDWARD FORBES had a passion for natural science from his boyhood, the origin of which he could not himself trace to any stimulus from others. Before he was seven years of age he had collected a little museum of his own; and before his twelfth year he had read largely in books of natural science, and had compiled for himself a manual of British natural history in all its departments. At sixteen he came to London, where, besides prosecuting his favourite studies, he acquired a skill in drawing so extraordinary, that often in later life, as he sketched illustrations of his lectures, "the interest of his explanations was all but lost in the admiration of the beautifully graceful forms which seemed to arise, as if by magic, from beneath his long and delicate fingers." Devoting himself to the medical profession, as that which promised most to favour his natural bent, he went to Edinburgh, where he studied under the veteran naturalist JAMESON, and other professors. In the vacations he began to contribute to scientific journals, and one he devoted to a tour in Norway. It was about this time that he began his researches into the forms of submarine life—a department in which he won, perhaps, his greatest triumphs. In 1827 he went to Paris, where he studied zoology under Dr BLAINVILLE and GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE. After a continental tour as far as the coasts of the Mediterranean, he returned to Edinburgh, where he delivered two courses of lectures, one popular and one scientific, on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, and published a work on British star-fishes, still a standard work on that subject. He was then induced to go out, with a nominal appointment as naturalist, in a surveying expedition to the Greek Archipelago and the coasts of Asia Minor—the expedition to which we are indebted for the discovery of the sites of various ancient Greek cities in Asia Minor, and for the possession of the Xanthian marbles. During his absence he was appointed Professor of Botany in King's College, London—in which post, and subsequently, as Professor in the Government School of Mines, and as Curator, and afterwards President, of the Geological Society, he became one of the most distinguished men in the scientific world of the metropolis. A few months ago he attained the object of his highest ambition, by being nominated to succeed his old teacher, Professor JAMESON, in the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh. He had just entered on his duties with characteristic ardour, and was full of plans for the promotion of natural science in Scotland, when a cold, aggravating a chronic illness that had affected him since his voyage to the East, cut him off in his fortieth year. Rarely has such a loss been sustained in the death of one man. His contributions to natural science are of amazing extent, and are distinguished by extraordinary power of philosophical generalization, and by a sprightly lightness and vividness of manner peculiarly his own. He was a man of overflowing geniality, and those who knew him remember brilliant evenings of scientific and literary reunion, where he was the life and soul of the company. In person he was tall and slender, with a peculiarly shaped face and head, well represented in his bust in the Crystal Palace.

MRS. JAMESON ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected. By Mrs. Jameson. Longmans.

The contents of this very elegant volume are of the most varied kind. They comprise thoughts by Mrs. Jameson, and by Mrs. Jameson's friends, on all sorts of moral and literary subjects—revelations of Mrs. Jameson's childhood—a translated analogue by Mrs. Jameson—Poetical Fragments, Theological Fragments, Notes from Sermons, Notes from Books, Notes on Art, and Suggestions of New Subjects for Modern Sculptors,—all by Mrs. Jameson. Here is variety enough for the most desultory taste—here is a book which people may read with some sort of advantage for three minutes, or for three hours together, just as they please, or just as they can. Before, however, we attempt to offer anything like a critical opinion on the volume, it is only fair to the writer to make known the circumstances under which the present publication is given to the reading world. Mrs. Jameson has been accustomed, like most authors and authoresses, to keep a commonplace-book, for chance thoughts and extracts from the works of others. The collection thus made, has, in her case, proved to be the original storehouse of material from which she has produced most of her books—especially her books on *Shakespeare's Women*, and on *Sacred and Legendary Art*. These and other of her works not having altogether exhausted her literary treasury of *memoranda*, she has collected her remaining fragments of material, and has published them disconnectedly in the volume now under notice. Her reasons for taking this course she shall give in her own words. She says of her book, "It may, like conversation with a friend, open up sources of sympathy and reflection; excite to argument, agreement, or disagreement; and, like every spontaneous utterance of thought out of an earnest mind, suggest far higher and better thoughts than any to be found here, to higher and more productive minds." We have no desire to judge too nicely of a work which is introduced to the reader in these terms. Speaking of the volume generally, we may describe it as having impressed us with a conviction that Mrs. Jameson had taken the best thoughts out of her commonplace-book before she printed it. As the public has, however, already enjoyed these abstracted good things in the writer's former works, we make no complaint; but take what remaining fragments we can get, and are thankful for them. The most valuable parts of the book, in our estimation, are those which contain the detached thoughts, and those which give hints to that inveterate conventionalist, the modern sculptor, about the choice of

new subjects. The notes from other writers are very tastefully and feelingly made, but are not the most striking portions of the volume by any means; and, as for the extracts from sermons, it may be that we have looked at them too exclusively with the eye of Common Sense, but it struck us that they were, in plain words, neither worth remembering, nor worth printing. "Father Taylor of Boston," whom Mrs. Jameson especially venerates, and of whose pulpit oratory she gives specimens, appears, in our irreverent eyes, as a species of sacred mountebank, who is always attempting to turn the "torch of truth" into firework, and always succeeding very badly indeed in the effort.—But we will not dwell on our difference of opinion with Mrs. Jameson on the vexed and unprofitable subject of what makes merit in a sermon, and what does not. We would infinitely rather quote some of her own Detached Thoughts—telling her candidly where we doubt her, and where we admire her. We fear she will not take it as a compliment from us, after what we have just said about Father Taylor, if we assure her, with perfect frankness and sincerity, that we greatly prefer the least valuable of her own Thoughts, to the finest passages that she has quoted from her friends' sermons.

Here is a good idea, very happily expressed, on the

REASONABleness OF TOLERATION.

All my experience of the world teaches me, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the safe side and the just side of a question is the generous side and the merciful side. This your mere worldly people do not seem to know, and therein make the sorriest and the vulgar of all mistakes. • • How often in this world the actions that we condemn are the result of sentiments that we love and opinions that we admire!

In the above extract we have left out one weak sentence beginning with a French phrase, which damaged the effect of the passage. Our next quotation shall be entire. A subtle distinction is very delicately discerned, and very neatly put in these few words about

THE HIGHEST PURITY.

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world!—yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world!

Sometimes Mrs. Jameson puzzles us by axioms which certainly do not carry the appearance of wisdom and truth on the face of them. Surely she is wrong in this notion on the subject of

WRITING FOR POSTERITY.

Those writers who never go further into a subject than is compatible with making what they say indisputably clear to man, woman, and child, may be the lights of this age, but they will not be the lights of another.

Why not? Is not the author who can best make himself understood, the author who is most liked by men, women, and children, in all ages—of course, provided he has got something to say? Are we not better pleased with our reading at all times in proportion as we are better able to understand what we read? Let us take an example from two writers now on their trial before a new generation. Sydney Smith wrote essays, and Coleridge wrote essays. Sydney Smith made himself indisputably easy to understand, by following the plan which Mrs. Jameson disapproves, and Coleridge made himself indisputably hard to understand, by following the plan which Mrs. Jameson admires. Which is the living essayist now in the eyes of the new generation? Sydney Smith, because he was easy to understand, had his readers by thousands, and keeps his readers by thousands: Coleridge had his readers by hundreds, and keeps his readers by hundreds.

Though we consider Mrs. Jameson to be mistaken on this point, and on some others, even her least happy ideas are worthy of attention. We cannot say the same, however, of the ideas of some of her friends, whose talk she quotes. We do not, for example, envy her the acquaintance of a certain lady ("O. G.") who holds forth in this way on

A GOOD MAN WITH A BAD FACE.

Of an amiable man with a disagreeable expressionless face, she said: "His countenance always gives me the idea of matter too strong, too hard for the soul to pierce through. It is as a plaster mask which I long to break (*making the gesture with her hand*), that I may see the countenance of his heart, for that must be beautiful!"

"O. G." is still more rampant on the subject of—

BALZAC.

While we were discussing Balzac's celebrity as a romance-writer, she said, with a shudder: "His laurels are steeped in the tears of women,—every truth he tells has been wrung in tortures from some woman's heart."

A pleasant way this of accounting for Balzac's celebrity! Who is "O. G.?" In the absence of any information on this point, and with great respect and terror, we figure to ourselves an osseous priestess officiating on a Transcendental Tripod—and we say tremulously, "That must be 'O. G.'"

Let us, however, do justice to Mrs. Jameson's friends in general, by quoting from one of them who is well worth hearing. Here is an admirable saying about

ROMANIST CONVERTS.

A—observed in reference to some of her friends who had gone over to the Roman Catholic Church, "that the peace and comfort which they had sought and found in that mode of faith was like the drugged sleep in comparison with the natural sleep; necessary, healing perhaps, where there is disease and unrest, not otherwise."

On another occasion "A—" shows that she possesses the best kind of "woman's wit." Hearing a quotation from Mrs. Jameson, she makes this

READY ANSWER.

I quoted to A—the saying of a sceptical philosopher: "The world is but one enormous *will*, constantly rushing into life."—"Is that," she responded quickly, "another new name for God?"

But we must get back to Mrs. Jameson herself before we close her volume. This is truthfully and finely spoken:—

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

In the same moment that we begin to speculate on the possibility of cessation or change in any strong affection that we feel, even from that moment we may date its death:—it has become the *fetid* of the living love.

We must conclude with a translation of an exquisite prose-poem; originally written in Persian, and founded on one of the traditions of Christ which are preserved in the East:—

THE DEAD DOG.

"Jesus," says the story, "arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place."

"And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man."

"And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence."

"'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose; 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long?' said another; 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third; 'one could not even cut a slice out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all dragged and bleeding!' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he hath been hanged for thieving!'

"And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!'

"Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog; and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way."

Mrs. Jameson's fine and cultivated taste in matters of art is so well known and so widely appreciated, as to make it almost unnecessary for us to say that the illustrations to her *Commonplace Book*, though small in size, are really ornaments to the volume, and must certainly add greatly to its attractions in the estimation of all readers.

SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY.

Miscellanies. By Thomas De Quincey.

Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: R. Groombridge and Sons.

In our review of the last volume, which appeared some months since, we gave a general notice of the character and scope of these "Selections;" and in introducing the new volume our business may be confined to the pleasant labour of making extracts. The present book is fairly representative of the mind of De Quincey: of its depth and its flexibility, its gravity and its gaiety. The paper on "Murder as a Fine Art" is deservedly celebrated; and we think it has a fair chance—when a later editor shall again resort to still more limited selections—to a permanent place in the literature of its class—the Essay. The coarse criticism it has met with—that "the subject is unfit for such levity"—we treat with contempt: such critics think that *Diablerie* should deal with Browns and Robinsons; and would object to Fables as interfering with the functions of the Decalogue. De Quincey's own defence of it is inimitable and unassassivable—we will not, therefore, mimic it or sustain it: merely saying, for once venturing on that style of descriptive criticism, that this Essay, marked by Sterne's cast of thought, has the recklessness of the humour of Rabelais in the purified style of Jean Paul. The next selection is a paper which we do not recollect to have before met with, describing—a weird and wondrous panorama—a strange episode in the hideously dramatic history of Russia—the Exodus of Kalmucks from Russian Domination in 1760-5. This Essay, written, in all the gravity of history, is an epic—resplendent with magnificently eloquent passages; and it reads in startling contrast with the immediately preceding paper. Of the "Dialogues on Political Economy" we are not disposed to think highly, and among other reasons because, tempted by what followed, we did not read them. The sketch of the "Mail Coach" and its system is among the best of De Quincey's papers: and this, as well as the less finished, but philosophical Essay on "War," may be read at the present moment with the extrinsic interest attaching to a vindication of the "godliness" of human warfare, and to a description of the machinery by which, in the Peninsular epoch, provincial England learnt, from day to day, news of that marvellous series of victories which were won by the two men who now lie side by side in St. Paul's.

The Peace Society people, perplexed in conscience by what is in progress in the Crimea, might read with advantage the views of a scholar and a sage upon war. We give, by way of suggestion, a passage containing a bold vindication, for which the Christian Wordsworth is to some extent responsible:—

It is the strongest confirmation of the power inherent in growing civilisation, to amend war, and to narrow the field of war, if we look back for the records of the changes in this direction which have already arisen in generations before our own.

The most careless reviewer of history can hardly fail to read a rude outline of progress made by men in the rights (and consequently in the duties) of war through the last twenty-five centuries. It is a happy circumstance for man that oftentimes he is led by pure selflessness into reforms the very same as high principle would have prompted; and, in the next stage of his advance, when once habituated to an improved code of usages, he begins to find a gratification to his sensibilities (partly luxurious sensibilities, but partly moral), in what originally had been a mere movement of self-interest. Then comes a third stage, in which, having thoroughly reconciled himself to a better order of things, and made it even necessary to his own comfort, at length he begins in his reflecting moments to perceive a moral beauty and a fitness in arrangements that had originally emanated from accidents of convenience; so that, finally, he generates a sublime pleasure of conscientiousness out of that which had commenced in the meanest forms of mercenary convenience. For instance, a Roman lady of rank, as luxury advanced, out of mere voluptuous regard to her own comfort, revolted from the harsh clamours of eternal chastisements inflicted on her numerous slaves; she forsook them; the grateful slaves showed their love for her; this love, by natural reaction awakened her own benevolent sensibilities; gradually and unintentionally she trained her feelings, when thus liberated from a continual temptation to cruelty, into a demand for gentler and purer excitement. Her purpose originally had been one of luxury; but, by the benignity of nature still watching for enabling opportunities, the actual result was a development given to the higher capacities of her heart. In the same way, when the brutal right (and in many circumstances the brutal duty) of inflicting death upon prisoners taken in battle, had exchanged itself for the profits of ransom or slavery, this relaxation of ferocity (though commencing in selfishness) gradually exalted itself into a habit of mildness, and some dim perception of a sanctity in human life. The very vice of avarice ministered to the purification of barbarism; and the very evil of slavery in its earliest form was applied to the mitigation of another evil—war conducted in the spirit of pictorial outrage. The commercial instincts of men having worked one set of changes in war, a second set of changes was prompted by instincts derived from the arts of

ornament and pomp. Martial music, splendour of arms, of banners, of equipage, of ceremonies, and the elaborate forms of intercourse with enemies, through conferences, armistices, treaties of peace, &c., having tamed the savagery of war, a permanent light of civilisation began to steal over the bloody shambles of buccaneering warfare. Other modes of harmonising influences arose more directly from the bosom of war itself. Gradually the mere practice of war, and the culture of war, though still viewed as a rude trade of bloodshed, ripened into an intellectual art. Were it merely with a view to more effectual carnage, this art (however simple and gross at first) opened at length into wide subordinate arts, into strategies, into tactics, into castration, into poliorcetics, and all the processes through which the first rude efforts of martial cuming finally connect themselves with the exquisite resources, mathematic and philosophic, of a complex science. War being a game in which each side forces the other into the instant adoption of all improvements, through the mere necessities of self-preservation, becomes continually, and must become, more intelligent.

It is interesting to observe the steps by which (were it only through impulses of self-defence, and with a view to more effectual destructiveness) war exalted itself from a horrid trade of butchery, into a magnificent and enlightened science. Starting from no higher impulse or question than how to cut throats most rapidly, most safely, and on the largest scale, it has issued even at our own stage of advance into a science, magnificent, oftentimes emboldening, and cleansed from all horrors except those which (not being within man's power utterly to divorce from it) no longer stand out as reproaches to his humanity.

What opening is there for complaint? If the object is, to diminish the frequency of war, this is, at any rate, secured by the enormous and growing costliness of war. In these days of accountability on the part of governments, and of jealous vigilance on the part of tax-payers, we may safely leave it to the main interests of almost every European population not to allow of idle or frivolous wars. Merely the public debts of Christendom form a pledge, were there no other, that superfluous war will no longer be tolerated by those who pay for them, and whose children inherit their consequences. The same cause, which makes war continually rarer, will tend to make each separate war shorter. There will, therefore, in the coming generations, be less of war; and what there is will, by expanding civilisation, and, indirectly, through science continually more exquisite applied to its administration, be indefinitely humanised and refined.

It is sufficient, therefore, as an apology for war, that it is—1st, systematically improving in temper (privateering, for instance, at sea, sacking of cities by land, are in a course of abolition); 2ndly, that it is under a necessity of becoming less frequent; 3rdly, that on any attempt to abolish it, the result would be something very much worse.

Thus far, meantime, war has been palliated merely by its relation to something else—viz., to its own elder stages as trespassing much more upon human happiness and progress; and, secondly, by its relation to any conceivable state that could take place on the assumption that war were abolished by a Pan-Christian compact. But is this all that can be pleaded on behalf of war? Is it good only in so far as it stands opposed to something worse? No. Under circumstances that may exist, and have existed, war is a *positive* good; not relative merely, or negative, but positive. A great truth it was which Wordsworth uttered, whatever might be the expansion which he allowed to it, when he said that

"God's most perfect instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—array'd for mutual slaughter:
Yea, Carnage is his daughter!"

There is a mystery in approaching this aspect of the case, which no man has read fully. War has a deeper and more inevitable relation to hidden grandeur in man, than has yet been deciphered. To execute judgments of retribution upon outrages offered to human rights or to human dignity, to vindicate the sanctities of the altar and the sanctities of the hearth—these are functions of human greatness which war has many times assumed, and many times faithfully discharged. But, behind all these, there towers dimly a greater. The great phenomenon of war it is, this and this only, which keeps open in man a spiracle—an organ of respiration—for breathing a transcendent atmosphere, and dealing with an idea that else would perish—viz., the idea of mixed crusade and martyrdom, doing and suffering, that finds its realisation in a battle such as that of Waterloo—viz., a battle fought for interests of the human race, felt even where they are not understood; so that the tutelary angel of man, when he traverses such a dreadful field, when he reads the distorted features, counts the ghastly ruins, sums the hidden anguish, and the harvests

"Of horror breathing from the silent ground," nevertheless, speaking as God's messenger, "blesses it, and calls it very good."

The wit and learning of this extract, which we make from the esthetic estimate of Murder, will charm:—

In these assassinations of princes and statesmen, there is nothing to excite our wonder; important changes often depend on their deaths; and, from the eminence on which they stand, they are peculiarly exposed to the aim of every artist who happens to be possessed by the craving for scenical effect. But there is another class of assassinations, which has prevailed from an early period of the seventeenth century, that really does surprise me; I mean the assassination of philosophers. For gentlemen, it is a fact, that every philosopher of eminence for the two last centuries has either been murdered, or, at the least, been very near it; insomuch, that if a man calls himself a philosopher, and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him; and against Locke's philosophy in particular, I think it an unanswerable objection (if we needed any), that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it. As these cases of philosophers are not much known, and are generally good and well composed in their circumstances, I shall here read an excursus on that subject, chiefly by way of showing my own learning.

The first great philosopher of the seventeenth century (if we except Bacon and Galileo) was Des Cartes; and if ever one could say of a man that he was all but murdered—murdered within an inch—one must say it of him. The case was this, as reported by Baillet in his "Vie De M. Des Cartes," tom. i. p. 102-3. In the year 1621, when Des Cartes might be about twenty-six years old, he was touring about as usual (for he was as restless as a hyena); and, coming to the Elbe, either at Gladstadt or at Hamburg, he took shipping for East Friesland. What he could want in East Friesland no man has ever discovered; and perhaps he took this into consideration himself; for, on reaching Embden, he resolved to sail instantly for West Friesland; and being very impatient of delay, he hired a bark, with a few mariners to navigate it. No sooner had he got out to sea, than he made a pleasing discovery, viz., that he had shut himself up in a den of murderers. His crew, says M. Baillet, he soon found out to be "des scélérats"—not *amateurs*, gentlemen, as we are, but professional men—the height of whose ambition at that moment was to cut his individual throat.

Excuse my laughing, gentlemen; but the fact is, I always do laugh when I think of this case—two things about it seem so droll. One is, the horrid panic or "funk" (as the men of Eton call it) in which Des Cartes must have found himself, upon hearing

the regular drama sketched for his own death—funeral—succession and administration to his effects. But another thing which seems to me still more funny about this affair is, that if these Friesland hounds had been “game,” we should have no Cartesian philosophy; and how we could have done without that, considering the world of hooks it has produced, I leave to any respectable trunk-maker to declare.

However, to go on: spite of his enormous funk, Des Cartes showed fight, and by that means averted these Anti-Cartesian rascals.

Possibly, gentlemen, you may fancy that, on the model of Caesar’s address to his poor ferryman—“*Casarem rebus et fortunas ejus*”—M. Des Cartes needed only to have said, “Dogs, you cannot cut my throat, for you carry Des Cartes and his philosophy,” and might safely have defied them to do their worst. A German emperor had the same notion, when, being cautioned to keep out of the way of a cannonading, he replied, “Tut! man. Did you ever hear of a cannon-ball that killed an emperor?” As to an emperor I cannot say, but a less thing has sufficed to smash a philosopher; and the next great philosopher of Europe undoubtedly was murdered. This was Spinoza.

I know very well the common opinion about him is, that he died in his bed. Perhaps he did, but he was murdered for all that; and this I shall prove by a book published at Brussels in the year 1781, entitled “*La Vie de Spinoza*, par M. Jean Colens,” with many additions, from a MS. life, by one of his friends. Spinoza died on the 21st February, 1677, being then little more than forty-four years old. This, of itself, looks suspicious; and M. Jean admits, that a certain expression in the MS. life of him would warrant the conclusion, “que sa mort n’a pas été tout-à-fait naturelle.” Living in a damp country, and a sailor’s country, like Holland, he may be thought to have indulged a good deal in grog, especially in punch, which was then newly discovered. Undoubtedly he might have done so; but the fact is, that he did not. M. Jean calls him “extrêmement sobre en son boire et en son manger.” And though some wild stories were afloat about his using the juice of mandragora (p. 140) and opium (p. 144), yet neither of these articles is found in his druggist’s bill. Living, therefore, with such sobriety, how was it possible that he should die a natural death at forty-four? Hear his biographer’s account:—“Sunday morning, the 21st of February, before it was church time, Spinoza came down stairs, and conversed with the master and mistress of the house.” At this time, therefore, perhaps ten o’clock on Sunday morning, you see that Spinoza was alive, and pretty well. But it seems “he had summoned from Amsterdam a certain physician, whom,” says the biographer, “I shall not otherwise point out to notice than by these two letters, L. M.” This L. M. had directed the people of the house to purchase “an ancient cook,” and to have him boiled forthwith, in order that Spinoza might take some broth about noon; which in fact he did; and ate some of the old cook with a good appetite, after the landlord and his wife had returned from church.

After masticating that “ancient cook,” which I take to mean a cock of the preceding century, in what condition could the poor invalid find himself for a stand-up fight with L. M.? But who was L. M.? It surely never could be Lindley Murray, for I saw him at York in 1825; and, besides, I do not think he would do such a thing—at least, not to a brother grammarian: for you know, gentlemen, that Spinoza wrote a very respectable Hebrew grammar.

Hobbes—but why, or on what principle, I never could understand—was not murdered. This was a capital oversight of the professional men in the seventeenth century; because in every light he was a fine subject for murder, except, indeed, that he was lean and skinny; for I can prove that he had money, and (what is very funny) he had no right to make the least resistance; since, according to himself, irresistible power creates the very highest species of right, so that it is rebellion of the blackest dye to refuse to be murdered, when a competent force appears to murder you. However, gentlemen, though he was not murdered, I am happy to assure you that (by his own account) he was three times very near being murdered, which is consolatory. The first time was in the spring of 1640, when he pretends to have circulated a little MS. on the king’s behalf against the Parliament; he never could produce this MS., ty-by; but he says, that, “Had not His Majesty dissolved the Parliament” (in May), “it had brought him into danger of his life.” Dissolving the Parliament, however, was of no use; for in November of the same year the Long Parliament assembled, and Hobbes, a second time fearing he should be murdered, ran away to France. This looks like the madness of John Dennis, who thought that Louis XIV. would never make peace with Queen Anne, unless he (Dennis, to wit) were given up to French vengeance; and actually ran away from the sea-coast under that belief. In France, Hobbes managed to take care of his throat pretty well for ten years; but at the end of that time, by way of paying court to Cromwell, he published his “Leviathan.” The old coward began to “funk” horribly for the third time; he fancied the swords of the cavaliers were constantly at his throat, recollecting how they had served the Parliament ambassadors at the Hague and Madrid. “Tum,” says he, in his dog-Latin life of himself,

“Tum venit in mentem mihi Dorislaus et Ascham;
Tangam proscripto terror ubique aderat.”

And accordingly he ran home to England. Now, certainly, it is very true that a man deserved a cudgelling for writing “Leviathan”; and two or three cudgellings for writing a pentameter ending so villainously as “terrore ubique aderat!” But no man ever thought him worthy of anything beyond cudgelling. And, in fact, the whole story is a bounce of his own. For, in a most abusive letter which he wrote “to a learned person” (meaning Wallis the mathematician), he gives quite another account of the matter, and says (p. 8), he ran home “because he would not trust his safety with the French clergy;” insinuating that he was likely to be murdered for his religion, which would have been a high joke indeed—Tom’s being brought to the stake for religion.

Bonne or not bonne, however, certain it is that Hobbes, to the end of his life, feared that somebody would murder him.

Malebranche, it will give you pleasure to hear, was murdered. The man who murdered him is well known: it was Bishop Berkeley. The story is familiar, though hitherto not put in a proper light. Berkeley, when a young man, went to Paris, and called on Père Malebranche. He found him in his cell cooking. Cooks have ever been a *genus irritable*; authors still more so: Malebranche was both: a dispute arose; the old father, warm already, became warmer; culinary and metaphysical irritations united to derange his liver: he took to his bed, and died. Such is the common version of the story: “So the whole ear of Denmark is abused.” The fact is, that the master was hushed up, out of consideration for Berkeley, who (as Pope judiciously observes) had “every virtue under heaven;” else it was well known that Berkeley, feeling himself nettled by the waspishness of the old Frenchman, squared at him; a farr-up was the consequence: Malebranche was floored in the first round; the contest was wholly taken out of him; and he would perhaps have given in; but Berkeley’s blood was now up, and he insisted on the old Frenchman’s retracting his doctrine of Occasional Causes. The vanity of the man was too great for this; and he fell a sacrifice to the impetuosity of Irish youth, combined with his own absurd obstinacy.

Leibnitz, being every way superior to Malebranche, one might, *a fortiori*, have counted on his being murdered; which, however, was not the case. I believe he was satisfied at this neglect, and felt himself insulted by the security in which he passed

his days. In no other way can I explain his conduct at the latter end of his life, when he chose to grow very avaricious, and to hoard up large sums of gold, which he kept in his own house. This was at Vienna, where he died; and letters are still in existence, describing the immeasurable anxiety which he entertained for his throat. Still his ambition, for being attempted at last, was so great, that he would not forego the danger. A late English pedagogue, of Birmingham manufacture—viz., Dr. Parr—took a more selfish course under the same circumstance. He had amassed a considerable quantity of gold and silver plate, which was for some time deposited in his bedroom at his parsonage house, Hatton. But growing every day more afraid of being murdered, which he knew that he could not stand (and to which, indeed, he never had the slightest pretensions), he transferred the whole to the Hatton blacksmith; conceiving, no doubt, that the murder of a blacksmith would fall more lightly on the *sabre républicain*, than that of a pedagogue. But I have heard this greatly disputed; and it seems now generally agreed, that one good horse-shoe is worth about two and a quarter Spital sermons.

As Leibnitz, though not murdered, may be said to have died, partly of the fear that he should be murdered, and partly of vexation that he was not, Kant, on the other hand—who manifested no ambition in that way—had a narrower escape from a murderer than any man we read of, except Des Cartes. So absurdly does fortune throw about her favours! The case is told, I think, in an anonymous life of this very great man. For health’s sake, Kant imposed upon himself, at one time, a walk of six miles every day along a high-road. This fact becoming known to a man who had his private reasons for committing murder, at the third milestone from Königsberg, he waited for his “intended,” who came up to time as duly as a mail coach.

But for an accident, Kant was a dead man. This accident lay in the scruples, or what Mrs. Quickly would have called the *peccish*, morality of the murderer. An old professor, he fancied, might be laden with sins. Not so a young child. On this consideration, he turned away from Kant at the critical moment, and soon after murdered a child of five years old. Such is the German account of the matter; but my opinion is, that the murderer was an amateur, who felt how little would be gained to the cause of good taste by murdering an old, arid, and adult metaphysician; there was no room for display, as the man could not possibly look more like a mummy when dead, than he had done alive.

In the following he is describing an incident of the road in the Mail-coach era. He is the solitary passenger; it is about five in a misty morning; the coachman is asleep; the guard ditto; both beyond his power of arousing in sufficient time to avert the danger he foresees; the horses are at a ten-mile-an-hour gallop; and he has been taking laudanum. Thus he paints the picture in a laudanum distemper:—

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the unbranched trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail ready gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to her? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should suggest a suggestion from the “Iliad” to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No; but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig-horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, could be done: more on my part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. It, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will, at least, make some effort to save her. If that fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, shrinking without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; let him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in him, must, by the fiercest of translations—must, without time for a prayer—must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, “One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn for ever!” How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from him!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse’s fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind-legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—they hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—they also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for him,

if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to his command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our over-towering shadow: that was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was that certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indissolubly, than did our all-conquering arrival upon the accompanying efforts of the gig. That must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do thou finish above what I on earth have attempted." Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swing-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little canary carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathised with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady—

But the lady!—Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataaracts. Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrae aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA.

Home Life in Russia. By a Russian Noble. Revised by the Editor of "Recollections of Siberia." Hurst and Blackett. 1854.

In a time like the present, when public curiosity is so excited by anything Russian, it was to be expected that among the thousand and one volumes teeming from the press on Russian subjects, there would be many "got up" for the occasion. But we hardly anticipated meeting with such gratuitous "cooking" as we find in the work under notice. The contents are simply a Russian play stolen from an illustrious Russian author, without the slightest intimation of its origin, and turned badly into a long story. This story is palmed off on the British public under the taking title of *Home Life in Russia*, with a kind of warranty in the preface that the facts are authentic, and an intimation that the author conceals his name for fear of offending the Czar, as if the Czar would care about one of his subjects making a dull English tale out of a play he has allowed to become popular at home.

One of the greatest poets and playwrights of Russia was Nicholas Gogol, who died at Moscow in 1852. One of his best pieces is entitled *Dead Souls*. This was translated into German in 1846, formed the basis of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the close of 1851, and, transformed into a short tale, appeared about the same time in *Chambers' Journal*; and yet it is this same *Dead Souls*, elongated and spoiled in the elongation, which is now presented to the public in the volumes under notice. This, and no more.

The story in itself is good, and more than good as told by Gogol. It is simply this:—Russian nobles own serfs, which they buy and sell as we buy and sell calicoes. The serfs, by an exquisite irony, are called *souls*. The Russian noble, being an extravagant animal, is frequently "hard up"; and to save the continued sale and resale of serfs, there is, or was, in St. Petersburg a fund set apart to advance money on the security of serf-souls. One Tchichikoff, a Muscovite swindler, takes advantage of a great mortality among the serfs, shortly after the census has been taken, to get conveyed to him as living all such *souls* as have died since the census, and on the strength of this title *does* the loan fund to a heavy extent. It is easy to perceive how this plot can be made amusing in a brief compass by a man of genius; it is equally easy to understand how it is wearisome and dull, when beaten out into two volumes by a man of no genius. The names, the main facts of the *Dead Souls*, are adhered to in these volumes; additions and alterations there are, and when the reader meets with a dull passage, or one inconsequential incident, let him be sure these are they. But we are certain that there is little or nothing in this work that a moderately sharp English hack could not have manufactured from the article alluded to in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

If from a laudable desire to spread a contempt of Russian society among strangers, or from any other reason, our Russian noble felt himself compelled to write a book, why not have translated this, and that other better

piece of Gogol's, *The Inspector-General*, and, publishing them with an account of their author, thereby have done honour to the memory of one of the few illustrious poets of Russia, and, at the same time, have given us the veridical outcome of a man of genius? Perhaps the Russian noble's sojourn in England may be sufficiently prolonged to render this hint available; in any case, let him not repeat the present experiment.

Also, in conclusion, might we suggest to our leading publishers to keep a reader of foreign literature—at least of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; it might save them some visits from literary nobles, Russian and others.

A BATCH OF BOOKS.

John Howard; a Memoir. By Hepworth Dixon; a New Edition.

Jackson and Walford.

The Poetical Works of William Shenstone, with Life, Critical Dissertation, &c. By the Rev. George Gilfillan.

Nichols.

Rural and Historical Gleanings from Eastern Europe. By Miss A. M. Birkbeck.

Darton and Co.

Tales of the Desert and the Bush. From the German of Friedrich Gerstäcker.

Constable and Co.

The Inner Life of the House of Commons. By J. N. Spellen.

Trübner and Co.

Sand and Shells. Nautical Sketches. By James Hannay.

Routledge and Co.

Our Holiday: A Week in Paris. By Percy B. St. John.

Tinsley and Co.

Sampson, Low, and Co.

PLACING the best book in our present list at the head of it—and a long way at the head of it, too—we must beg pardon of the authors of professedly new works, if we give our first attention and best greeting to a reprint. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's able and honest memoir of JOHN HOWARD is now published, we are rejoiced to say, in a cheap form. A book which has been so genuinely and deservedly successful as this biography,—a book which teaches great truths and records noble acts in language worthy of its subject—has reached a position which places it above the necessity of claiming more from us than the announcement of its publication, at a price which places it within everybody's reach. In these times, when some of the most perversely and utterly bad writing which has probably ever issued from the English press, is addressing itself to the much misused majority of the "light-purses," it is a welcome sight indeed to see a really good, useful, and earnest book entered on the list of the cheap publications.

Another reprint which requires honourable mention is the poetry of Shenstone. Essentially one of the minor minstrels, Shenstone has a homely simplicity and gentle grace as a poet, which—though his verses are too often disfigured by classical trivialities and artificial allusions—still entitle him to be read. The volume now under notice is of the good, old, handsome, "Library" sort, and is very beautifully and clearly printed. Its only drawback is a preliminary Essay on the Life and Poetry of Shenstone, by the Rev. George Gilfillan, which, as a specimen of bold and brazen slip-slop, is quite a literary curiosity—of a certain kind. The Rev. G. G. bursts into a complete classification of English poets at page 1. Pope typifies the first class; Shakspere the second (!); Milton the third; Butler the fourth; nobody in particular the fifth; and Shenstone the sixth. Shakspere, our readers will be astonished to hear, was one of "the fluctuating, uncertain, untutored, but divinely-inspired children of genius." Milton, it is delightful to find, gets from the Rev. George, what used to be termed in the school-phraseology of our day, "a leg up." We are almost ashamed to copy it down, but Mr. Gilfillan actually says that Milton belongs to the "class of gifted and cultured minds, whose beauties and blemishes are alike colossal; (!) the former, however, outnumbering the latter." (!!) Think of Milton, living in the admiration of all posterity, to be written about, at last, as a man of "gifted and cultured mind," and as really having, in a poetical point of view, more "beauties" than "blemishes!" The "trump of Fame" is a penny trumpet, indeed, when it gets into the hands of the Rev. G. G.!

Miss Birkbeck's volume about Hungary is a nicely-written, and very interesting book. Some of the pictures of Hungarian life are touched with a delicacy and skill which would do no discredit to far more practised pens. We can with great sincerity recommend this little work, as always pleasant, and often profitable to read. It pleased us especially by the freshness and genuineness of its tone and manner. We cannot say as much of Herr Gerstäcker's Stories of Life in the Wilds. The translation is clumsily and carelessly done; and the tales, though founded generally on excellent and striking subjects, are told in a dull, roundabout manner. The Germans have a wonderful appreciation of the sort of material which is fittest for the making of a good story, and yet, strangely enough, they are the most awkward people in Europe at turning their material to the best narrative account. The bare idea of "construction" (in the French sense of the word) never seems to enter their heads.

Of the "cheap publications" the best on our list is also the least expensive, and the most unpretending. Mr. J. N. Spellen's *Inner Life of the House of Commons* (the work we refer to), is a lively, and most graphic account of all those proceedings in our "representative chamber," which "strangers" are so universally anxious to see, and which, when they are allowed to contemplate, they are so universally incapable of understanding. Mr. Spellen will be found quite invaluable as a guide to all bewildered Britons, in and out of the gallery, who want to understand what Parliament really means, and who are anxious to know what the famous Parliament men really look like. Our other three cheap books are fictions. Mr. Hannay's *Sand and Shells* startles us on the cover, by a picture of a forsaken mariner, bobbing on a scarlet buoy, in a small-coloured sea—and warns us on the title-page to mind what we are about, in a critical point of view, by the magical words, Tenth Thousand. What can we do, with nothing but printing ink on the premises, to make a book known, which has already made itself known to ten thousand purchasers by means of a scarlet buoy and a small-coloured sea? How can we help Mr. Percy St. John with a discerning public, after he has already helped himself, by means of a gang of hobgoblins on the cover of *Our Holiday*?—to say nothing of a highly-attractive scroll in a corner, containing on it the honoured names of the Classics of Comic Literature. What right have a few meek and timid sentences of ours to ask attention for a wonderful work which, beneath

the startling title of *Alone* (in yellow letters on a red ground), secures attention by a picture of a young lady, finely developed in respect of bust and bosom, walking into a heap of weeds, apparently in the neighbourhood of Shakespeare's Cliff, with clasped hands, a transcendental expression of face, and no bonnet? Can we assist books which thus assist themselves? —We are not so deplorably vainglorious as to think we can for a single moment.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of several books of a useful and educational kind; one of which—*The Planetary Worlds*, by Mr. James Breen (Hardwicke)—we can vouch for, after due examination, as a very clear and intelligible manual of astronomical science, thoroughly reliable as a book of reference for general readers who take an interest in the last new dispute about the Plurality of Worlds. The educational and useful works which we have not yet had time to examine with the necessary attention, are *Lectures in Connection with the Educational Exhibition at St. Martin's Hall* (Routledge); *The Young Child's Lesson Book*, by William Cort (Simpkin and Co.); *Theatres, and Other Remains in Crete*, by Edward Falkener (Trübner and Co.); and *A Popular Exposition of the New Stamp Acts* (Arthur Hall and Co.).

A reprint, which we may mention by way of conclusion, but which we need not criticise, is the last volume of the "People's Edition" of Mr. Samuel Warren's works, containing *Now and Then*, *The Lily and the Bee*, and a Lecture on the *Development of the Age*.

A BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Clothes, and other Regions of the Conquerors and the Conquered. By Mrs. Mary H. Eastman. Trübner and Co. This book, thus strangely entitled to English ears, is a species of American annual, beautifully bound—finely printed, on such paper as is not often seen now-a-days—furnished with letter-press contents, illustrative of the early history of North America, and of the most interesting peculiarities in the character of its aboriginal inhabitants—and adorned with some of the most beautiful and striking illustrations that we have seen for a long time past. The engravings which form the illustrations to which we allude are from drawings by Captain S. Eastman, and depict Indian life and scenery in a singularly forcible and truthful-looking manner. The prints in which figure subjects occur show evident traces of inexperience and want of practical knowledge of drawing. But the landscapes are all deserving of the highest praise for their striking originality and evident truthfulness to nature. Among those which have especially delighted us we may mention "The Mountains in the Sea," a magnificent bit of effect—"The Falls of St. Anthony," in which the idea of vast space and of an immense mass of water is wonderfully conveyed—and a view of a town in New Mexico, which, as a piece of quaint and striking truth, is really delightful to look at. We closed the volume with the pleasantest possible impression of it—thankful to Captain Eastman for having given us an idea of what the finest scenery in America is really like. If any of our readers want a good book of prints for the drawing-room table, we can honestly and safely recommend to them these *Illustrations*.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher; or, "A Child Gathering Pebbles on the Seashore." By Henry Mayhew. David Bogue. *The Church and her Destinies.* By James Biden. Aylott and Co. *Tamerton Church-Tower, and other Poems.* By Coventry Patmore. John W. Parker and Son. *Lyric Notes of the Russian War. Part I.* By Rutherford. George Bell. *Introductory Text-Book of Geology.* By David Page, F.G.S. William Blackwood and Sons. *Eperuan; or, the Home of the Wanderer.* By Anne Bowman. G. Routledge and Co. *The Concessions of the Apostle Paul and the Claims of the Truth.* From the French of Count Agénor de Gasparin. Thomas Constable and Co. *Travel Thoughts and Travel Fancies.* By Henry Strickland. John W. Parker and Son.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, November 21.

RANKRUPS.—WILLIAM WESTON, Chiswell-street, Finsbury, boot agent—FREDERICK CANNON, St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street, merchant—BENJAMIN WORKMAN PRANCE, Bon-harbour, Cauden-town, builder—HENRY JOHNS, Battersea, and Grange-terrace, Brompton, distiller—THOMAS BAYS, rate of London, coal, Southwark, and Wapping, baker—JOHN CLEMENTS, Mill-street, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, woollen draper—ROBERT GRAY, Bishop's Waltham and Southampton, corn merchant—WILLIAM PAXON, Queen's-road, Bayswater, corn dealer—GEORGE RASHFORD, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge, tobacconist—THOMAS NIGHTINGALE, Broadchapel, Wiltsire, innkeeper—BRIDGET WOOLGER, the younger, Bedding, Sussex, wheelwright—THEOPHILUS BETHELL, Riley-street, Bermondsey, licensed victualler—HENRY BROOME, Portsmouth, licensed victualler—ANTHONY MADISON, TODD, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, merchant—JOHN CLAY, Wednesfield, Staffordshire, bricklayer—JOHN BROWN, West Bromwich, corn factor—JOSEPH ELLIS, Bishopsthorpe, farmer, and York, bootmaker—ROPER DUXBURY, Over Darwen, Lancashire, innkeeper.

Friday, November 24.

RANKRUPS.—ALFRED REYNOLDS, Birmingham, iron merchant—CHARLES BRADLEY, Tipton, Staffordshire, iron dealer—BENJAMIN SCRIVEN, Birmingham, builder—FEARN'S AUGUSTUS HATTON, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, auctioneer—THOMAS WRIGHT LAWFORD, of Tivydall, Carmarthen, market gardener—JAMES BROWNS, Mabgate, Leeds, flax and tow spinner—WILLIAM KEELING STOCK, Manchester, manufacturer of cotton goods—THOMAS HAWORTH and FRANCIS ALSTON, Bury, cotton manufacturers—JAMES HAMMOND, Chancery-lane, City, furniture dealer—JOSEPH BERNSTEIN, Exeter-street, Strand, outfitter—ROGER DIX-BURY, Over Darwen, Lancashire, innkeeper—EDWARD KEMP, Walworth-road, Surrey, linendrapier—JOHN CLOSE, Stortford, baker—MORRIS ELLIS PEMBERTON, Lime-street, City, merchant—WILLIAM GEORGE SHARE, MOCKFORD, Broad-lane, City, merchant—RICHARD LEWIS, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, cloth manufacturer—JOHN WHITMORE JONES and THOMAS CAREY, Wolverhampton, hosiers—MAX ESSINGER, Old Change, straw hat manu-

facturer—EDMUND SHORT, Blandford Forum, Dorset, horse dealer—GEORGE STOKES, Hereford-lodge, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton, boarding-house keeper—WILLIAM H. WOODHOUSE, Woolwich, brewer.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, November 24, 1854.

THE Funds during the past week have fluctuated not more than 1*4* per cent. between 90*2* and 92*1*, but the transactions have been few and far between, and the lack of business very notable. Railway shares are flat, and hardly anything doing; the same may be said of mines, banks, &c. Turkish Scrip has slightly recovered from its alarmingly weak state, but is still at between 5 and 6 discount. The guarantee for the regular payment of the interest seems to be of so loose a nature that the public hardly feels justified in making heavy investments. The accounts received of the heroic deeds of our countrymen in the Crimea have inspired the fundholder with every confidence in the undaunted courage of our troops, but the delay in sending reinforcements has been much commented upon. Rather a better feeling prevails this afternoon—rumours of part of the fortress of Sebastopol having been taken by storm, and a Vienna report which would seem to predict inevitable war between Russia and Austria. These rumours may have affected the market, but possibly funds come better from Paris.

Consols close at 4*0* o'clock at 92*1*, 92*2*, having opened at 91*4*, 91*5*, some heavy purchases having been made this afternoon. French Rentes come 1*4* per cent better by telegraph.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, Nov. 24. WHEAT.—The supplies of English during the week have been moderate, and of foreign trifling, yet the trade continues inactive. In the Baltic ports, owing to the severity of the weather, which threatened an early stoppage of the navigation, every exertion was being made to load the vessels which had been engaged. Prices for the spring were a little

The Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

POPULARLY, all that is known concerning the British Institution is this. It opens the picture season with a moderately good show of paintings, excluding portraits; its proceedings are said to be next in importance to those of the Royal Academy, with which influential body it is rather in good favour, strutting R.A.'s being exhibitors in Pall-mall occasionally, besides the perpetual Pickersgill. Moreover, the "British" gives a show of old masters, not by any means excluding portraits, later in the season. Popularly, this is all that is known about the "British."

But the institution is not only expository; it keeps a school. A very bad school, too, we should say, to judge from its results. No one beyond the walls of the institution seems to know anything about this British school of painting, Pall-mall, London. All we have been able to learn is, that the students "ought to feel greatly indebted" to the noblemen and gentlemen who, having kindly lent their pictures for the exhibition of the old masters, do not see any particular objection to any one making copies while the paintings remain in the gallery. So, to work go the students, and, after a time, up go their copies on the wall of the gallery, and down goes the market for "warranted" originals. Cuyp will be cheap for six months to come, and "Snyders' Wife" will be in every shop-window. Hurrah for "the promotion of the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom!"

There are one or two promising studies among the mass of absurd rubbish, this year. Mr. Wichele, who has been sensible enough to choose a single group from an entire picture, and thus to concentrate his energy, has achieved considerable success in his free translation of the principal group of armour, in Teniers picture of the "Guard Room." Miss Fahy, by a similar exercise of discretion, has been able to produce a passable study from the large Vanderneer.

The fine picture of "Belisarius," by Salvator Rosa, has been copied entire by Miss Townsend, and although the result is not commensurate with her ambition, she deserves notice for the great care and labour bestowed on it. The only copies which indicate natural taste and power in the artist, are the three small studies, by Mr. C. H. Stanley, after the Murillo, Cuyp, and Hogarth's figure of the Female Drummer, from "Southwark Fair."

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.

A VERY amusing little comedy, by Mr. Bayle Bernard, was produced at the HAYMARKET, under the above title, on Thursday night. The idea on which the piece is founded has been rather a favourite idea with the French dramatists of late years. A husband and wife, separated by mutual consent, meet by accident, and become respectively involved in certain strange situations, which end in reconciling them to each other, and in leaving them at the fall of the curtain a fondly-attached couple for the rest of their lives. Their is nothing original in this as the main idea of a play; but Mr. Bernard has contrived to tell an old story in a new way, by means of some excellent comic situations, deservedly hailed with great applause by the audience. Bating one blemish in the shape of an absurd mock duel very clumsily and improbably introduced to bring the story to its foreseen end, Mr. Bernard's last dramatic work is in every way worthy of him. His dialogue—always delightful in its neatness and vivacity—is as genuinely and gracefully amusing in the *Balance of Comfort* as in any of his former works.

The parts of the husband and wife were performed by Mr. Howe and Miss Reynolds. The lady—though a little too vehement, perhaps, now and then—acted with grace and gaiety, and made all the good points in the dialogue tell in the easiest and happiest manner. Mr. Howe, rather loud at first, and rather given to such stale conventionalities as entering a lady's drawing-room with his hat on, improved, and became heartily and naturally amusing as the play proceeded. Mr. Rogers, too, made a small part very prominent, in a quaintly humourous manner, and dressed it admirably. Mr. Clark, by wearing an inex-
cusably absurd costume, and by indulging in monkey-like contortions, for which a French audience would have hissed him off the stage, did his very worst to get a laugh from the gallery, and his very best to spoil the effect of every part of the play in which he appeared. It would be unfair to the management, not to say a hearty word of praise, in conclusion, for the beauty of the drawing-room scene, in which the action of the play goes on. It was as beautiful and perfect a piece of painting and furnishing as anything of the kind we have ever seen.

Two new farces have been successfully produced at the Adelphi. One, *The Slow Man*, is by Mr. Mark Lemon, and contains a part for Mr. Keeley. There is no other theatrical news this week.

earlier. Rostock Wheat, 61 lbs. to 62 lbs. 6*oz*. to 7*oz*; Wismar Wheat, 6*lb*s. to 62 lbs. 6*oz*; Stettin, 61 lbs. to 61*4* lbs. 6*oz*. to 6*lb*, all f. o. b. for present shipment. The French markets continue to rise.

BARLEY.—The supply of English has been more liberal since our last Friday's report, and prices declined 1*4* last Monday.

OATS.—The arrivals here have been liberal, both of Irish and foreign, since last Friday, but the trade has been exceedingly slow, the dealers continuing to hold off in expectation of lower prices.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (CLOSING PRICES.)

| | Sat. | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thur. | Frid. |
|--|-------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|----------------|----------------|
| Bank Stock..... | 212 | 211 | 212 | 212 | 212 | 209 |
| 3 per Cent. Red..... | 89 <i>4</i> | 90 <i>1</i> | 90 <i>1</i> | 90 <i>1</i> | 90 <i>1</i> | 90 <i>1</i> |
| 3 <i>4</i> per Cent. Con. An. Consols for Account..... | 91 <i>2</i> | 91 <i>2</i> | 91 <i>2</i> | 91 <i>2</i> | 91 <i>2</i> | 92 <i>1</i> |
| 3 <i>4</i> per Cent. An. New 2 <i>2</i> per Cents..... | | | | | | |
| Long Ans. 1800..... | | 4 <i>1</i> | 4 <i>5</i> -10 | 4 <i>5</i> | 4 <i>7</i> -16 | 4 <i>7</i> -16 |
| India Stock..... | | | 11 | | 230 | 10 |
| Ditto Bonds, £1000..... | | 7 | | | | 7 |
| Ditto, under £1000..... | 4 <i>p</i> | 1 | 5 | 6 <i>p</i> | 6 | 3 |
| Ex. Bills, £1000..... | 4 <i>p</i> | 5 | 5 | 3 <i>p</i> | 5 | 7 |
| Ditto, £500..... | 4 <i>p</i> | 5 | 5 | 3 <i>p</i> | 5 | 7 |
| Ditto, Small..... | 4 <i>p</i> | 5 | 5 | 3 <i>p</i> | 5 | 7 |

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

| | | | |
|--|-------------|--|-------------|
| Brazilian Bonds | 97 | Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents 1822 | 92 <i>1</i> |
| Buenos Ayres 6 <i>oz</i> Cents | 102 | Russian 4 <i>4</i> per Cents | 98 |
| Chilian 6 per Cents | 99 <i>1</i> | Spanish 3 <i>3</i> per C. New Del. 18 <i>1</i> | 18 <i>1</i> |
| Ecuador Bonds | 99 <i>1</i> | Spanish Committee Cert. | 99 <i>1</i> |
| Mexican 3 per Cents | 21 <i>2</i> | of Coup. not full | 6 |
| Mexican 3 per C. for Acc. Nov. 30 | 21 <i>2</i> | Venezuela 5 <i>5</i> per Cents | .. |
| Portuguese 4 per Cents | 38 <i>4</i> | Belgian 4 <i>4</i> per Cents | 60 <i>1</i> |
| Portuguese 3 <i>p</i> Cents | 38 <i>4</i> | Dutch 2 <i>2</i> per Cents | 60 <i>1</i> |
| Portuguese 3 <i>p</i> Cents Certif. 99 | 38 <i>4</i> | Dutch 4 <i>4</i> per C. Certif. 99 | 99 <i>1</i> |

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.

Monday and during the week the performances will commence with the burletta called

THE BEULAH SPA.

Principal Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Emory, F. Robson, M. Cooper; Miss Marston, Mrs. A. Wigan, Mrs. Fitzalan, and Miss Julia St. George.

After which the comic drama of

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Leslie, Gladstone, H. Cooper, Miss Julia St. George, and Miss E. Ormonde.

To conclude with the new farce called

A BLIGHTED BEING.

In which Mr. F. Robson will appear.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has the honour to announce that his ASCENT OF MONT BLANC will RE-OPEN FOR THE SEASON, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 4, 1854.

During the recess the Hall has been redecorated, and every attention paid to the approaches, seats, ventilation, and general comfort of the audience. The Route to Switzerland will be entirely changed, and will conduct the visitors from London to Rotterdam by Brussels, and thence through Holland and up the Rhine. The new views, painted by Mr. W. BEVERLEY, will be—Amsterdam, on the Rokin Canal, looking towards the site of the old Bourse; the Village of Broek; the High-street of Berne, with the Clock Tower; the Pass of the Gemmi; the Hut lately erected on the Grande Mulets; Lyons; and the Place de la Concorde, Paris. In addition to a Panorama of The Rhine, by M. Gropius, of Berlin, will accompany that portion of the lecture, including Rotterdam and the chief objects of interest between Cologne and Bingen. The Lecture will be further illustrated by a number of appropriate models and diagrams. In addition to "Galigiani's Messenger," Mr. ALBERT SMITH will introduce three new songs, "Murray's Handbook," "Poste Restante," and a running commentary on the scenery, called "Up the Rhine," as well as several new friends encountered on the journey.

The Box-office will be open on Monday, the 27th inst., and every day next week, from eleven to four, when Stalls can be taken without any extra charge.

ANNIVERSARY of the POLISH REVOLUTION.—The Twenty-Fourth Anniversary of the Polish Revolution of 1830 will be held in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, on Wednesday Evening, the 26th inst., Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY, M.P., in the Chair. The Meeting will be addressed by members of the Polish Central Committee and by Mr. KOSSUTH; and various English gentlemen will likewise take part in the proceedings. Body of the Hall, free; Platform and Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. each; Gallery, 1s. each. Doors open at Seven o'clock; the Chair will be taken at Half-past Seven. Tickets to be obtained before and on the evening of the Meeting, at the Hall, and at the Polish Committee's address, 36, Regent-square, Gray's-inn-road.**E**FFECTUAL SUPPORT FOR VARICOSE VEINS.—This elastic and compressing stocking, or article of any other required form, is pervious, light, and inexpensive, and easily drawn on without lacing or bandaging. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO PLACE, FALMOUTH, LONDON.**T**ESTIMONIALS by PRESENTATION having become so much the custom, and in consequence of Messrs. PUTVOYE having been frequently applied to for suitable articles, they beg to state to all those who would pay such graceful tributes to public merit or private worth, that in all cases when it clearly shown goods are required for such a purpose, and the amount exceeds 50/-, they shall allow 10 per cent. from their regular marked prices.

154, Regent-street, August 23, 1854.

THIS ONLY STOVE WITHOUT A FLUE. Joyce's Patent, for warming halls, shops, greenhouses, storerooms, and all other places. Price from 12s. To be seen in action at the proprietor's, SWAN NASH, 253, Oxford-street, and the CITY DEPOT, 119, Newgate-street, LONDON. PATENT PREPARED FUEL, 2s. 6d. per bushel. JOYCE'S PORTABLE LAUNDRY STOVE will heat for 12 hours six flat and Italian irons with one pennyworth of coke or cinders. GAS STOVES in great variety. MODERATOR LAMPS, complete, from 12s. to 6 guineas. SWAN NASH solicits an inspection of his new and elegant SHOWROOMS, in which he has an assortment of the above lamps, unequalled for price and quality in London. Refined Rape Oil, 6s. per gallon. Prospectuses, with drawings, free.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST, 52, FLEET-STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

25, FLEET-STREET.—At home from Ten till Five.

DEAFNESS AND SINGING NOISES.—Instant relief by Dr. HOGHTON'S new and painless mode of cure. Any extremely deaf sufferer, by one visit, is permanently enabled to hear with ease the usual tone of conversation, without operation, pain, or the use of instruments. Thirty-four patients cured last week: many totally deaf instantaneously restored to perfect hearing. Testimonials from the highest medical authority in London can be seen, and persons referred to.

The above discovery is known, and practised only by Dr. Houghton, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons, May 2, 1845; L.A.C., April 30, 1846. Institution for the Cure of Deafness, 9, Suffolk-place, Pall-mall.

Just published, Self Cure of Deafness, for country patients—a stop to empiricism, quackery, and exorbitant fees—sent on receipt of seven stamps, free.

TEAS and COFFEES at MERCHANTS' PRICES.

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 10d., and 3s. Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d. The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, &c. Prime Gunpowder Tea, 2s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d. Best Mincing Gunpowder, 4s. 6d. The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 5s.—Prime Coffee, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d. The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee, 1s. 4d.—Sugars are supplied at market prices.

All goods sent carriage free, by our own vans, if within eight miles. Teas, coffees, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards.

PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.—Our large consignments of new French and Spanish Fruits are in very fine condition this year, and are now on show at our Warehouse, 8, King William-street, City. For prices, see general Price Current, post free on application.

T O L O V E R S O F F I S H.

100 real Yarmouth Bloaters for 6s. package included. The above are forwarded to all parts on receipt of penny postage stamp, or P.O.O. (preferred) for the amount. Send plain address, county, and nearest station.—Address, Thomas Letts, jun., fish-curer, Great Yarmouth.

CHUBB'S LOCKS, with all the recent improvements. Strong Fire-proof Safes, Cash and Deed Boxes. Complete lists of sizes and prices may be had on application.**C**HUBB and SON, 37, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley-fields, Wolverhampton.**F**ORD'S EUREKA COLOURED SHIRTING is now ready, in 200 different patterns. Specimens in varied colours sent post free on receipt of six stamps.**F**ORD'S COLOURED EUREKA SHIRTS, Six for 27s. FORD'S WHITE EUREKAS, best quality! Six for 48s.; second quality, Six for 31s.; if washed ready for use, 2s. extra.**C**AUTION.—Ford's Eureka Shirts are stamped, "33, POULTON, LONDON," without which none are genuine.**B**NNETT'S MODEL WATCH.

In gold cases from 10 guineas. In silver cases from 5 guineas.

Every watch is skilfully examined, timed, and its performance guaranteed.

BENNETT, WATCH MANUFACTURER,
65, CHEAPSIDE.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED for Medicinal Use in the Lofoten Isles, Norway, and put to the Test of Chemical Analysis. Prescribed by eminent Medical Men as the most effectual REMEDY for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, some DISEASES of the SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTINE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—effecting a cure or alleviating suffering much more rapidly than any other kind.

TESTIMONIAL FROM

The late DR. JONATHAN PEREIRA, Professor at the University of London, Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," &c. &c.

"My dear Sir.—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine."

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicinae as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject."

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer oil can be procured."

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) "JONATHAN PEREIRA,

Finsbury-square, London, April 16, 1851.

To Dr. De Jongh."

Sold WHOLESALE and RETAIL, in bottles, labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and signature, by

ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand, London,

Sole Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions; and may be obtained from respectable Chemists and Druggists in Town and Country, at the following prices:—

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

Half pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.

** Four half-pint bottles forwarded, CARRIAGE PAID, to any part of England, on receipt of a remittance of Ten Shillings.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the ribs, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

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SILVER.—The Real NICKEL SILVER, introduced 20 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, who PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamenteally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

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| Dessert Spoons | 30s. | 36s. |
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The Largest, as well as the Choicest, Assortment in existence of FRENCH and ENGLISH MODERATOR, PALMER'S, CAMPHINE, ARGAND, SOLAR, and other LAMPS, with all the latest improvements, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, in ormolu, Bohemian, and plain glass, or paper maché, is at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, and they are arranged in one large room, so that patterns, sizes, and sorts can be instantly selected.

Real French Colza Oil, 4s. 9d. per gallon.

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MATTING.—Door Mats, Mattresses, Cushions, Hammocks, Brushes, Netting, &c., &c. Catalogues free by post.

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T H E 16s. T R O U S E R S reduced to 14s.—

Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.—Coat, Waistcoat, and Trouser, 47s., made to order from Scotch Tweeds, all wool, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street.

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The Court of Directors grant LETTERS OF CREDIT and BILLS upon the Company's Bank at ADELAIDE at P.A.E. Approved drafts negotiated and sent for collection. Business with the Australian colonies generally, conducted through the Bank's Agents.

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AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA.—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA. This is, of all known remedies, the most pure, active, and efficacious in the purification of the blood of all morbid matter, of bile, urea, acids, scrofulous substances, humours of all kinds, which produce rashes, eruptions, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, sore eyes and ears, sore throat and ulcers, and sores on any part of the body. It is unsurpassed in its action upon the liver, the lungs, and the stomach, removing any cause of disease from those organs, and expelling all humours from the system. By cleansing the blood, it far over prevents pustules, scabs, pimples and every variety of sores on the face and breast. It is a great tonic, and imparts strength and vigour to the debilitated and weak, gives rest and refreshing sleep to the nervous and restless invalid. It is a great female medicine, and will cure more complaints peculiar to the sex than any other remedy in the world. Warehouse, 375, Strand, adjoining Exeter-Hall; POMEROY, ANDREWS, and CO., sole Proprietors. Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; pints, 4s.; small quarts, 5s.; quarts, 7s. 6d.; mammoths, 1ls.

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CAPITAL, 250,000*l.*

In 12,500 Shares of 20*s.* each.

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THE UNION BANK OF LONDON.

The Directors of this Company, in their endeavours to extend the benefits of Life Assurance, have adopted a system which they believe to be at once equitable and secure. It combines an ample Share-Capital with so much of the "Mutual" principle as will entitle the Policy-holder to a large participation in the Profits.

The distinguishing feature of the Company is that the Share-Capital will in the first instance be the fund out of which all expenses, except those of collection, will be defrayed. The Premiums will be invested, and will form an Assurance Fund, which will at all times be kept intact, and of an amount amply sufficient to meet existing liabilities. The surplus of assets over that amount will form the profit securing to the Company.

A Bonus equal to two-thirds of the ascertained Profits will, when declared, be distributed amongst the Holders of Policies, then of five years' standing—the remaining one-third will be the property of the Shareholders. The Directors are bound to hold not less than 500 Shares each, and their remuneration is limited to the profits arising out of their respective shares. Thus the Directors and the Policy-holders have each a pecuniary interest in promoting the success of the Company and in protecting it from fraud.

The business is divided into two Departments—*The General Department*—which comprises the granting of Policies for Sums of 100*s.* and upwards, the Premiums on which are payable quarterly, half-yearly, and annually—and *The Industrial Department*—which comprises the granting of Policies the Premiums on which are payable weekly or monthly. The funds arising out of each will be kept perfectly distinct, and the Bonus to the Policy-holder will be proportioned to the Profits of the Department to which his Policy belongs.

The Assurances undertaken by the Company will consist of—

- 1.—Sums payable at death with or without participation in Bonus.
- 2.—Sums payable, in the event of death, before the ages of 50, 55, 60, or 65, or on the attainment of those ages.
- 3.—Sums payable in the event of death, within a limited number of years, or term assurances.
- 4.—Assurances on Joint Lives, Survivorship, and one life against another.
- 5.—Annuities payable in the event of one life surviving another.

Claims upon the Industrial Department will be paid promptly on their verification; those upon the General Department, in the proportion of one-fourth of the amount within fourteen days, and the remainder within three months after their verification.

Persons unable to continue payment of their premiums, or desirous to discontinue them, will, after three years' payments, be entitled to exchange their Policies for a reduced amount, unencumbered with future payments.

Policies of five years' standing will, if required, be purchased by the Company at a valuation.

Loans will be advanced on Policies after having acquired a certain value.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

This Department of the "SAFETY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY" has been undertaken at the special instance of numerous bodies of Artisans and others in various districts of the kingdom in order to encourage increased economy and forethought, and to extend Life Assurance on a secure and popular basis. The Tables of Premiums for this Department have been calculated under the careful superintendence of Professor de Morgan, Arthur Scratteley, and Edward Ryley, Esqrs., in accordance with the Bills of Mortality in the great centres of our manufactures, and with the object of establishing such equitable rates as the security of both the Company and the Policy-holder demands.

Agents will be appointed in each large Town and District of the Kingdom.

Further Information may be obtained at the Offices of the Company.

RALPH COULTHARD, Secretary.

NOTICE.—DIVISION OF PROFITS.—

All Persons assuring their Lives (on the Participating Scale) in the PROVIDENT CLERKS' MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, before the end of the present year, will be ENTITLED to SHARE in the next Quinquennial Division of Profits to Dec. 31, 1852.

Bonuses paid in cash, or added to the Policy, or applied to reduce the Annual Premium, at the option of the Assurer. The great and continuous increase of business, and the extremely favourable rate of mortality among their Assurers, fully justify the Board in confidently anticipating a still further improvement upon the liberal amounts formerly declared by way of bonuses.

For Prospects showing the peculiar advantages of the Association, and for all further information, apply to the local agents, or at the Chief Office, 15, Macmillan-street, London. WM. THOS. LINFORD, Secretary.

November 25, 1854.

INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,

72, Lombard-street, and 24, Connaught-terrace.

TRUSTEES.

Richard Malins, Esq., Q.C., Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.
John Campbell Renton, Esq.
James Fullier Mador, Esq.
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A reduction of 2*s.* per cent. has been made on the premiums of all policies of five years' standing.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

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NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION,

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Established A.D. 1844.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

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are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect Security.

The Interest is payable in JANUARY and JULY, at the Head Office in London, and may also be received at the various Branches, or through Country Bankers, without delay or expense.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.
Prospects and Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

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39, Throgmorton-street, Bank; and 14, Pall-mall.

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Deputy-Chairman—WILLIAM LEAN, Esq.

Richard E. Arden, Esq.
Edward Bates, Esq.
Thomas Campion, Esq.
James Clift, Esq.
J. Humphrey, Esq., Ald.

Rupert Ingleby, Esq.
Thomas Kelly, Esq., Ald.
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Physician—Dr. Jeaffreson, 2, Finsbury-square.

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Consulting Actuary—Professor Hall, M.A., of King's College.

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The Premiums are on the lowest scale consistent with security.

The assured are protected by an ample subscribed capital—An Assurance Fund of 400,000*l.*, invested on mortgage and in the Government Stocks—and an income of 80,000*l.* a year.

Premiums to Assure £100.

| | | WithProfits | Without Profits |
|------|---------------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Age. | One Year. | Seven Years. | |
| 20 | 2 <i>s.</i> 17 <i>s.</i> | £0 19 9 | £1 15 19 |
| 30 | 1 <i>s.</i> 1 3 <i>s.</i> | 2 5 5 | 3 0 7 |
| 40 | 1 5 0 | 3 6 9 | 3 0 7 |
| 50 | 1 14 1 | 4 19 10 | 4 6 9 |
| 60 | 3 2 4 | 5 17 0 | 6 12 9 |

MUTUAL BRANCH.

Assurers on the Bonus system are entitled at the end of five years, and afterwards annually, to participate in four-fifths or 80 per cent. of the profits. The profit assigned to each policy can be added to the sum assured, applied in reduction of the annual premium, or received in cash.

At the first division a return of 20 per cent. in cash on the premiums paid was declared; this will allow a reversionary increase varying according to age from 66 to 28 per cent. on the premiums, or from 5 to 15 per cent. on the sum assured.

One-half of the "Whole Term" Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the Premium may remain for life as a debt upon the Policy at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.

Claims paid in one month after proofs have been approved.

Leave upon approved security.

No charge for Policy stamps.

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E. BATES, Resident Director.

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Every description of insurance business transacted at this office. Policies absolutely indisputable. Guarantees afforded against losses arising from robberies, forgeries, frauds, debts, insolvency, and non-payment of rent. Fire and life insurance effected on improved and safe principles. Plate-glass insured.

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THE COMMON LAW AND EQUITY REPORTS, IN ALL THE COURTS. Part XXII. (completing the legal year 1853-4), containing the remainder of the Cases, with the Titles, Indices, &c., to the several Divisional Volumes, is in the Press, and will be published on the 8th of December.

* Part XXIII, commencing the legal year 1854-5, will be published on the 21st of December.

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